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'Why can Love neither be bought nor sold?  
Because its only price is Love!

'All other goods by Fortune's hand are given;  
A Wife is the peculiar gift of Heaven.'—POPE.

'What constitutes National Prosperity? Not wealth or commerce simply, or military achievements, but the greatest possible number of **HEALTHY, HAPPY, and GRACEFUL HOMES**, where the purest flame burns brightest on the altar of family love, and woman, with her piety, forbearance, and kindness of love, is permitted to officiate as high priestess.'

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who was over eighty years of age  
when he wrote the following:—

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Obey them—Health will triumph there!  
With grateful thanks I hail thy name,  
ENO! and strive to give it fame.  
Your SALT OF FRUIT can bring me ease,  
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By true aperient, strong or mild,  
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Aid Nature without force or strain;  
Strengthen heart, liver, lung, and brain;  
Make the pulse neither fast nor slow,  
The blood-heat not too high nor low,  
So bringing health at little cost,  
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To ENO'S SALT I owe a debt  
The grateful mind may not forget;  
With rhyme that debt in part I pay,  
Experience teaches what to say.

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# LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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AUGUST 1893.

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## *A Gentleman of France:*

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF GASTON DE BONNE,  
SIEUR DE MARSAC.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

### CHAPTER XXII.

'LA FEMME DISPOSE.'

THE moment the equerry's foot touched the uppermost stair I advanced upon him. 'Where is your mistress, man?' I said. 'Where is Mademoiselle de la Vire? Be quick, tell me what you have done with her.'

His face fell amazingly. 'Where is she?' he answered, faltering between surprise and alarm at my sudden onslaught. 'Here, she should be. I left her here not an hour ago. Mon Dieu! Is she not here now?'

His alarm increased mine tenfold. 'No!' I retorted, 'she is not! She is gone! And you—what business had you, in the fiend's name, to leave her here, alone and unprotected? Tell me that!'

He leaned against the balustrade, making no attempt to defend himself, and seemed, in his sudden terror, anything but the bold, alert fellow who had ascended the stairs two minutes before. 'I was a fool,' he groaned. 'I saw your man Simon here; and Fanchette, who is as good as a man, was with her mistress. And I went to stable the horses. I thought no evil. And now—My God!' he added, suddenly straightening himself,

while his face grew hard and grim, 'I am undone! My master will never forgive me!'

'Did you come straight here?' I said, considering that, after all, he was no more in fault than I had been on a former occasion.

'We went first to M. de Rosny's lodging,' he answered, 'where we found your message telling us to come here. We came on without dismounting.'

'Mademoiselle may have gone back, and be there,' I said. 'It is possible. Do you stay here and keep a good look-out, and I will go and see. Let one of your men come with me.'

He uttered a brief assent; being a man as ready to take as to give orders, and thankful now for any suggestion which held out a hope of mademoiselle's safety. Followed by the servant he selected, I ran down the stairs, and in a moment was hurrying along the Rue St. Denys. The day was waning. The narrow streets and alleys were already dark, but the air of excitement which I had noticed in the morning still marked the townsfolk, of whom a great number were strolling abroad, or standing in doorways talking to their gossips. Feverishly anxious as I was, I remarked the gloom which dwelt on all faces; but as I set it down to the king's approaching departure, and besides was intent on seeing that those we sought did not by any chance pass us in the crowd, I thought little of it. Five minutes' walking brought us to M. de Rosny's lodging. There I knocked at the door; impatiently, I confess, and with little hope of success. But, to my surprise, barely an instant elapsed before the door opened, and I saw before me Simon Fleix!

Discovering who it was, he cowered back, with a terrified face, and retreated to the wall with his arm raised.

'You scoundrel!' I exclaimed, restraining myself with difficulty. 'Tell me this moment where Mademoiselle de la Vire is! Or, by Heaven, I shall forget what my mother owed to you, and do you a mischief!'

For an instant he glared at me viciously, with all his teeth exposed, as though he meant to refuse—and more. Then he thought better of it, and, raising his hand, pointed sulkily upwards.

'Go before me and knock at the door,' I said, tapping the hilt of my dagger with meaning.

Cowed by my manner, he obeyed, and led the way to the room in which M. de Rambouillet had surprised us on a former occasion. Here he stopped at the door and knocked gently; on which a sharp voice inside bade us enter. I raised the latch and did so, closing the door behind me.

Mademoiselle, still wearing her riding-coat, sat in a chair before the hearth, on which a newly kindled fire sputtered and smoked. She had her back to me, and did not turn on my entrance, but continued to toy in an absent manner with the strings of the mask which lay in her lap. Fanchette stood bolt upright behind her, with her elbows squared and her hands clasped; in such an attitude that I guessed the maid had been expressing her strong dissatisfaction with this latest whim of her mistress, and particularly with mademoiselle's imprudence in wantonly exposing herself, with so inadequate a guard as Simon, in a place where she had already suffered so much. I was confirmed in this notion on seeing the woman's harsh countenance clear at sight of me; though the churlish nod, which was all the greeting she bestowed on me, seemed to betoken anything but favour or good-will. She touched her mistress on the shoulder, however, and said, 'M. de Marsac is here.'

Mademoiselle turned her head and looked at me languidly, without stirring in her chair or removing the foot she was warming. 'Good evening,' she said.

The greeting seemed so brief and so commonplace, ignoring, as it did, both the pains and anxiety to which she had just put me and the great purpose for which we were here—to say nothing of that ambiguous parting which she must surely remember as well as I—that the words I had prepared died on my lips, and I looked at her in honest confusion. All her small face was pale except her lips. Her brow was dark, her eyes were hard as well as weary. And not words only failed me as I looked at her, but anger; having mounted the stairs hot foot to chide, I felt on a sudden—despite my new cloak and scabbard, my appointment, and the name I had made at Court—the same consciousness of age and shabbiness and poverty which had possessed me in her presence from the beginning. I muttered, 'Good evening, mademoiselle,' and that was all I could say—I who had frightened the burly Maignan a few minutes before!

Seeing, I have no doubt, the effect she produced on me, she maintained for some time an embarrassing silence. At length she said, frigidly, 'Perhaps M. de Marsac will sit, Fanchette. Place a chair for him. I am afraid, however, that after his successes at Court he may find our reception somewhat cold. But we are only from the country,' she added, looking at me askance, with a gleam of anger in her eyes.

I thanked her huskily, saying that I would not sit, as I could

not stay. 'Simon Fleix,' I continued, finding my voice with difficulty, 'has, I am afraid, caused you some trouble by bringing you to this house instead of telling you that I had made preparation for you at my lodgings.'

'It was not Simon Fleix's fault,' she replied curtly. 'I prefer these rooms. They are more convenient.'

'They are, perhaps, more convenient,' I rejoined humbly, 'but I have to think of safety, mademoiselle, as you know. At my house I have a competent guard, and can answer for your being unmolested.'

'You can send your guard here,' she said with a royal air.

'But, mademoiselle——'

'Is it not enough that I have said that I prefer these rooms?' she replied sharply, dropping her mask on her lap and looking round at me in undisguised displeasure. 'Are you deaf, sir? Let me tell you, I am in no mood for argument. I am tired with riding. I prefer these rooms, and that is enough!'

Nothing could exceed the determination with which she said these words, unless it were the malicious pleasure in thwarting my wishes which made itself seen through the veil of assumed indifference. I felt myself brought up with a vengeance, and in a manner the most provoking that could be conceived. But opposition so childish, so utterly wanton, by exciting my indignation, had presently the effect of banishing the peculiar bashfulness I felt in her presence, and recalling me to my duty.

'Mademoiselle,' I said firmly, looking at her with a fixed countenance, 'pardon me if I speak plainly. This is no time for playing with straws. The men from whom you escaped once are as determined and more desperate now. By this time they probably know of your arrival. Do, then, as I ask, I pray and beseech you. Or this time I may lack the power, though never the will, to save you.'

Wholly ignoring my appeal, she looked into my face—for by this time I had advanced to her side—with a whimsical smile. 'You are really much improved in manner since I last saw you,' she said.

'Mademoiselle!' I replied, baffled and repelled. 'What do you mean?'

'What I say,' she answered, flippantly. 'But it was to be expected.'

'For shame!' I cried, provoked almost beyond bearing by her ill-timed raillery, 'will you never be serious until you have ruined us and yourself? I tell you this house is not safe for

you! It is not safe for me! I cannot bring my men to it, for there is not room for them. If you have any spark of consideration, of gratitude, therefore——'

'Gratitude!' she exclaimed, swinging her mask slowly to and fro by a ribbon, while she looked up me as though my excitement amused her. 'Gratitude—'tis a very pretty phrase, and means much; but it is for those who serve us faithfully, M. de Marsac, and not for others. You receive so many favours, I am told, and are so successful at Court, that I should not be justified in monopolising your services.'

'But, mademoiselle——' I said in a low tone. And there I stopped. I dared not proceed.

'Well, sir,' she answered, looking up at me after a moment's silence, and ceasing on a sudden to play with her toy, 'what is it?'

'You spoke of favours,' I continued, with an effort. 'I never received but one from a lady. That was at Rosny, and from your hand.'

'From my hand?' she answered, with an air of cold surprise.

'It was so, mademoiselle.'

'You have fallen into some strange mistake, sir,' she replied, rousing herself, and looking at me indifferently. 'I never gave you a favour.'

I bowed low. 'If you say you did not, mademoiselle, that is enough,' I answered.

'Nay, but do not let me do you an injustice, M. de Marsac,' she rejoined, speaking more quickly and in an altered tone. 'If you can show me the favour I gave you, I shall, of course, be convinced. Seeing is believing, you know,' she added, with a light nervous laugh, and a gesture of something like shyness.

If I had not sufficiently regretted my carelessness, and loss of the bow at the time, I did so now. I looked at her in silence, and saw her face, that had for a moment shown signs of feeling, almost of shame, grow slowly hard again.

'Well, sir?' she said impatiently. 'The proof is easy.'

'It was taken from me; I believe, by M. de Rosny,' I answered lamely, wondering what ill-luck had led her to put the question and press it to this point.

'It was taken from you!' she exclaimed, rising and confronting me with the utmost suddenness, while her eyes flashed, and her little hand crumpled the mask beyond future usefulness. 'It was taken from you, sir!' she repeated, her voice and her whole frame trembling with anger and disdain. 'Then I thank you. I

prefer my version. Yours is impossible. For let me tell you, when Mademoiselle de la Vire does confer a favour, it will be on a man with the power and the wit—and the constancy, to keep it, even from M. de Rosny !’

Her scorn hurt, though it did not anger me. I felt it to be in a measure deserved, and raged against myself rather than against her. But aware through all of the supreme importance of placing her in safety, I subjected my immediate feelings to the exigencies of the moment and stooped to an argument which would, I thought, have weight though private pleading failed.

‘Putting myself aside, mademoiselle,’ I said, with more formality than I had yet used, ‘there is one consideration which must weigh with you. The king——’

‘The king!’ she cried, interrupting me violently, her face hot with passion and her whole person instinct with stubborn self-will. ‘I shall not see the king!’

‘You will not see the king?’ I repeated in amazement.

‘No, I will not!’ she answered, in a whirl of anger, scorn, and impetuosity. ‘There! I will not! I have been made a toy and a tool long enough, M. de Marsac,’ she continued, ‘and I will serve others’ ends no more. I have made up my mind. Do not talk to me; you will do no good, sir. I would to Heaven,’ she added bitterly, ‘I had stayed at Chizé and never seen this place!’

‘But, mademoiselle,’ I said, ‘you have not thought——’

‘Thought!’ she exclaimed, shutting her small white teeth so viciously I all but recoiled. ‘I have thought enough. I am sick of thought. I am going to act now. I will be a puppet no longer. You may take me to the castle by force if you will; but you cannot make me speak.’

I looked at her in the utmost dismay and astonishment; being unable at first to believe that a woman who had gone through so much, had run so many risks, and ridden so many miles for a purpose, would, when all was done and the hour come, decline to carry out her plan. I could not believe it, I say, at first; and I tried arguments and entreaties without stint, thinking that she only asked to be entreated or coaxed.

But I found prayers and even threats breath wasted upon her; and beyond these I would not go. I know I have been blamed by some and ridiculed by others for not pushing the matter farther; but those who have stood face to face with a woman of spirit—a woman whose very frailty and weakness fought for her—will better understand the difficulties with which I had

to contend and the manner in which conviction was at last borne in on my mind. I had never before confronted stubbornness of this kind. As mademoiselle said again and again, I might force her to Court, but I could not make her speak.

When I had tried every means of persuasion, and still found no way of overcoming her resolution—the while Fanchette looked on with a face of wood, neither aiding me nor taking part against me—I lost, I confess, in the chagrin of the moment that sense of duty which had hitherto animated me; and though my relation to mademoiselle should have made me as careful as ever of her safety, even in her own despite, I left her at last in anger and went out without saying another word about removing her—a thing which was still in my power. I believe a very brief reflection would have recalled me to myself and my duty; but the opportunity was not given me, for I had scarcely reached the head of the stairs before Fanchette came after me, and called to me in a whisper to stop.

She held a taper in her hand, and this she raised to my face, smiling at the disorder which she doubtless read there. ‘Do you say that this house is not safe?’ she asked abruptly, lowering the light as she spoke.

‘You have tried a house in Blois before?’ I replied with the same bluntness. ‘You should know as well as I, woman.’

‘She must be taken from here, then,’ she answered, nodding her head, cunningly. ‘I can persuade her. Do you send for your people, and be here in half an hour. It may take me that time to wheedle her. But I shall do it.’

‘Then listen,’ I said eagerly, seizing the opportunity and her sleeve and drawing her farther from the door. ‘If you can persuade her to that, you can persuade to all I wish. Listen, my friend,’ I continued, sinking my voice still lower. ‘If she will see the king for only ten minutes, and tell him what she knows, I will give you——’

‘What?’ the woman asked suddenly and harshly, drawing at the same time her sleeve from my hand.

‘Fifty crowns,’ I replied, naming in my desperation a sum which would seem a fortune to a person in her position. ‘Fifty crowns down, the moment the interview is over.’

‘And for that you would have me sell her!’ the woman cried with a rude intensity of passion which struck me like a blow. ‘For shame! For shame, man! You persuaded her to leave her home and her friends, and the country where she was known; and now you would have me sell her! Shame on you!’



Go!' she added scornfully. 'Go this instant and get your men. The king, say you? The king! I tell you I would not have her finger ache to save all your kings!'

She flounced away with that, and I retired crestfallen; wondering much at the fidelity which Providence, doubtless for the well-being of the gentle, possibly for the good of all, has implanted in the humble. Finding Simon, to whom I had scarce patience to speak, waiting on the stairs below, I despatched him to Maignan, to bid him come to me with his men. Meanwhile I watched the house myself until their arrival, and then, going up, found that Fanchette had been as good as her word. Mademoiselle, with a sullen mien, and a red spot on either cheek, consented to descend, and, preceded by a couple of links, which Maignan had thoughtfully provided, was escorted safely to my lodgings; where I bestowed her in the rooms below my own, which I had designed for her.

At the door she turned and bowed to me, her face on fire.

'So far, sir, you have got your way,' she said, breathing quickly. 'Do not flatter yourself, however, you will get it farther—even by bribing my woman!'

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE LAST VALOIS.

I STOOD for a few moments on the stairs, wondering what I should do in an emergency to which the Marquis's message of the afternoon attached so pressing a character. Had it not been for that I might have waited until morning, and felt tolerably certain of finding mademoiselle in a more reasonable mood then. But as it was I dared not wait. I dared not risk the delay, and I came quickly to the conclusion that the only course open to me was to go at once to M. de Rambouillet, and tell him frankly how the matter stood.

Maignan had posted one of his men at the open doorway leading into the street, and fixed his own quarters on the landing at the top, whence he could overlook an intruder without being seen himself. Satisfied with the arrangement, I left Rambouillet's man to reinforce him, and took with me Simon Fleix, of whose conduct in regard to mademoiselle I entertained the gravest doubts.

The night, I found on reaching the street, was cold, the sky where it was visible between the eaves being bright with stars. A

sharp wind was blowing, too, compelling us to wrap our cloaks round us and hurry on at a pace which agreed well with the excitement of my thoughts. Assured that had mademoiselle been complaisant I might have seen my mission accomplished within the hour, it was impossible I should not feel impatient with one who, to gratify a whim, played with the secrets of a kingdom as if they were counters, and risked in passing ill-humour the results of weeks of preparation. And I was impatient, and with her. But my resentment fell so far short of the occasion that I wondered uneasily at my own easiness, and felt more annoyed with myself for failing to be properly annoyed with her, than inclined to lay the blame where it was due. It was in vain I told myself contemptuously that she was a woman, and that women were not accountable. I felt that the real secret and motive of my indulgence lay, not in this, but in the suspicion, which her reference to the favour given me on my departure from Rosny had converted almost into a certainty, that I was myself the cause of her sudden ill-humour.

I might have followed this train of thought farther, and to very pertinent conclusions. But on reaching M. de Rambouillet's lodging I was diverted from it by the abnormally quiet aspect of the house, on the steps of which half a dozen servants might commonly be seen lounging. Now the doors were closed, no lights shone through the windows, and the hall sounded empty and desolate when I knocked. Not a lackey hurried to receive me even then; but the slipshod tread of the old porter, as he came with a lantern to open, alone broke the silence. I waited eagerly wondering what all this could mean; and when the man at last opened, and, recognising my face, begged my pardon if he had kept me waiting I asked him impatiently what was the matter.

'And where is the Marquis?' I added, stepping inside to be out of the wind, and loosening my cloak.

'Have you not heard, sir?' the man asked, holding up his lantern to my face. He was an old, wizened, lean fellow. 'It is a break-up, sir, I am afraid, this time.'

'A break-up?' I rejoined, peevishly. 'Speak out, man! What is the matter? I hate mysteries.'

'You have not heard the news, sir? That the Duke of Mercœur and Marshal Retz, with all their people, left Blois this afternoon?'

'No?' I answered, somewhat startled. 'Whither are they gone?'

'To Paris, it is said, sir,—to join the League.'

'But do you mean that they have deserted the king?' I asked.

'For certain, sir!' he answered.

'Not the Duke of Mercœur?' I exclaimed. 'Why, man, he is the king's brother-in-law. He owes everything to him.'

'Well, he is gone, sir,' the old man answered positively. 'The news was brought to M. le Marquis about four o'clock or a little after. He got his people together, and started after them to try and persuade them to return. Or, so it is said.'

As quickly as I could, I reviewed the situation in my mind. If this strange news were true, and men like Mercœur, who had every reason to stand by the king, as well as men like Retz, who had long been suspected of disaffection, were abandoning the Court, the danger must be coming close indeed. The king must feel his throne already tottering, and be eager to grasp any means of supporting it. Under such circumstances it seemed to be my paramount duty to reach him; to gain his ear if possible, and at all risks; that I and not Bruhl, Navarre not Turenne, might profit by the first impulse of self-preservation.

Bidding the porter shut his door and keep close, I hurried to the Castle, and was presently more than confirmed in my resolution. For to my surprise I found the Court in much the same state as M. de Rambouillet's house. There were double guards indeed at the gates, who let me pass after scrutinising me narrowly; but the courtyard, which should have been at this hour ablaze with torches and crowded with lackeys and grooms, was a dark wilderness, in which half a dozen links trembled mournfully. Passing through the doors I found things within in the same state: the hall ill lit and desolate; the staircase manned only by a few whispering groups, who scanned me as I passed; the ante-chambers almost empty, or occupied by the grey uniforms of the Switzer guards. Where I had looked to see courtiers assembling to meet their sovereign and assure him of their fidelity, I found only gloomy faces, watchful eyes, and mouths ominously closed. An air of constraint and foreboding rested on all. A single footstep sounded hollowly. The long corridors, which had so lately rung with laughter and the rattle of dice, seemed already devoted to the silence and desolation which awaited them when the Court should depart. Where any spoke I caught the name of Guise; and I could have fancied that his mighty shadow lay upon the place and cursed it.

Entering the chamber, I found matters little better there. His Majesty was not present, nor were any of the Court ladies; but half a dozen gentlemen, among whom I recognised Revol, one of the king's secretaries, stood near the alcove. They looked up on my entrance, as though expecting news, and then, seeing

who it was, looked away again impatiently. The Duke of Nevers was walking moodily to and fro before one of the windows, his hands clasped behind his back: while Biron and Crillon, reconciled by the common peril, talked loudly on the hearth. I hesitated a moment, uncertain how to proceed, for I was not yet so old at Court as to feel at home there. But, at last making up mind, I walked boldly up to Crillon and requested his good offices to procure me an immediate audience of the king.

‘An audience? Do you mean you want to see him alone?’ he said, raising his eyebrows and looking whimsically at Biron.

‘That is my petition, M. de Crillon,’ I answered firmly, though my heart sank. ‘I am here on M. de Rambouillet’s business, and I need to see his Majesty forthwith.’

‘Well, that is straightforward,’ he replied, clapping me on the shoulder. ‘And you shall see him. In coming to Crillon you have come to the right man. Revol,’ he continued, turning to the secretary, ‘this gentleman bears a message from M. de Rambouillet to the king. Take him to the closet without delay, my friend, and announce him. I will be answerable for him.’

But the secretary shrugged his shoulders up to his ears. ‘It is quite impossible, M. de Crillon,’ he said gravely. ‘Quite impossible at present.’

‘Impossible! Chut! I do not know the word,’ Crillon retorted rudely. ‘Come, take him at once, and blame me if ill comes of it. Do you hear?’

‘But his Majesty——’

‘Well?’

‘Is at his devotions,’ the secretary said stiffly.

‘His Majesty’s devotions be hanged!’ Crillon rejoined—so loudly that there was a general titter, and M. de Nevers laughed grimly. ‘Do you hear?’ the Avennais continued, his face growing redder and his voice higher, ‘or must I pull your ears, my friend? Take this gentleman to the closet, I say, and if his Majesty be angry, tell him it was by my order. I tell you he comes from Rambouillet.’

I do not know whether it was the threat, or the mention of M. de Rambouillet’s name, which convinced the secretary. But at any rate, after a moment’s hesitation, he acquiesced.

He nodded sullenly to me to follow him, and led the way to a curtain which masked the door of the closet. I followed him across the chamber, after muttering a hasty word of acknowledgment to Crillon; and I had as nearly as possible reached the door

when the bustle of some one entering the chamber caught my ear. I had just time to turn and see that this was Bruhl, just time to intercept the dark look of chagrin and surprise which he fixed on me, and then Revol, holding up the curtain, signed to me to enter.

I expected to pass at once into the presence of the king, and had my reverence ready. Instead, I found myself to my surprise in a small chamber, or rather passage, curtained at both ends, and occupied by a couple of guardsmen—members, doubtless, of the Band of the Forty-Five—who rose at my entrance and looked at me dubiously. Their guard-room, dimly illumined by a lamp of red glass, seemed to me, in spite of its curtains and velvet bench, and the thick tapestry which kept out every breath of wholesome air, the most sombre I could imagine. And the most ill-omened. But I had no time to make any long observation; for Revol, passing me brusquely, raised the curtain at the other end, and, with his finger on his lip, bade me by signs to enter.

I did so as silently, the heavy scent of perfumes striking me in the face as I raised a second curtain, and stopped short a pace beyond it; partly in reverence—because kings love their subjects best at a distance—and partly in surprise. For the room, or rather that portion of it in which I stood, was in darkness; only the farther end being illumined by a cold pale flood of moonlight, which, passing through a high, strait window, lay in a silvery sheet on the floor. For an instant I thought I was alone; then I saw, resting against this window, with a hand on either mullion, a tall figure, having something strange about the head. This peculiarity presently resolved itself into the turban in which I had once before seen his Majesty. The king—for he it was—was talking to himself. He had not heard me enter, and having his back to me remained unconscious of my presence.

I paused in doubt, afraid to advance, anxious to withdraw; yet uncertain whether I could move again unheard. At this moment while I stood hesitating, he raised his voice, and his words, reaching my ears, riveted my attention, so strange and eerie were both they and his tone. 'They say there is ill-luck in thirteen,' he muttered. 'Thirteenth Valois and last!' He paused to laugh a wicked, mirthless laugh. 'Ay,—Thirteenth! And it is thirteen years since I entered Paris, a crowned King! There were Quélus and Maugiron and St. Mégrin and I—and *he*, I remember. Ah, those days, those nights! I would sell my soul to live them again; had I not sold it long ago in the living them once! We were young then, and rich, and I was king; and Quélus was an Apollo! He died calling on

me to save him. And Maugiron died, blaspheming God and the saints. And St. Mégrin, he had thirty-four wounds. And *he*—he is dead too, curse him! They are all dead, all dead, and it is all over! My God! it is all over, it is all over, it is all over!’

—He repeated the last four words more than a dozen times, rocking himself to and fro by his hold on the mullions. I trembled as I listened, partly through fear on my own account should I be discovered, and partly by reason of the horror of despair and remorse—no, not remorse, regret—which spoke in his monotonous voice. I guessed that some impulse had led him to draw the curtain from the window and shade the lamp; and that then, as he looked down on the moonlit country, the contrast between it and the vicious, heated atmosphere, heavy with intrigue and worse, in which he had spent his strength, had forced itself upon his mind. For he presently went on.

‘France! Ay, there it lies! And what will they do with it? Will they cut it up into pieces, as it was before old Louis XI.? Will Mercœur—curse him!—be the most Christian Duke of Brittany? And Mayenne, by the grace of God, Prince of Paris and the Upper Seine? Or will the little Prince of Béarn beat them, and be Henry IV., King of France and Navarre, Protector of the Churches? Curse him too! He is thirty-six. He is my age. But he is young and strong, and has all before him. While I—I—oh, my God, have mercy on me! Have mercy on me, O God in Heaven!’

With the last word he fell on his knees on the step before the window, and burst into such an agony of unmanly tears and sobbings as I had never dreamed of or imagined, and least of all in the King of France. Hardly knowing whether to be more ashamed or terrified, I turned at all risks, and stealthily lifting the curtain, crept out with infinite care; and happily with so much good fortune as to escape detection. There was space enough between the two curtains to admit my body and no more; and here I stood a short while to collect my thoughts. Then, striking my scabbard against the wall, as though by accident, and coughing loudly at the same moment, I twitched the curtain aside with some violence and re-entered, thinking that by these means I had given him warning enough.

But I had not reckoned on the darkness in which the room lay, or the excitable state in which I had left him. He heard me, indeed, but being able to see only a tall, indistinct figure approaching him, he took fright, and falling back against the moonlit



window, as though he saw a ghost, thrust out his hand, gasping at the same time two words, which sounded to me like 'Ha! Guise!'

The next instant, discerning that I fell on my knee where I stood, and came no nearer, he recovered himself. With an effort, which his breathing made very apparent, he asked in an unsteady voice who it was.

'One of your Majesty's most faithful servants,' I answered, remaining on my knee, and affecting to see nothing.

Keeping his face towards me, he sidled to the lamp and strove to withdraw the shade. But his fingers trembled so violently that it was some time before he succeeded, and set free the cheerful beams, which, suddenly filling the room with radiance, disclosed to my wondering eyes, instead of darkness and the cold gleam of the moon, a profusion of riches, of red stuffs and gemmed trifles and gilded arms crowded together in reckless disorder. A monkey chained in one corner began to gibber and mow at me. A cloak of strange cut, stretched on a wooden stand, deceived me for an instant into thinking that there was a third person present; while the table, heaped with dolls and powder-puffs, dog-collars and sweetmeats, a mask, a woman's slipper, a pair of pistols, some potions, a scourge, and an immense quantity of like litter, had as melancholy an appearance in my eyes as the king himself, whose disorder the light disclosed without mercy. His turban was awry, and betrayed the premature baldness of his scalp. The paint on his cheeks was cracked and stained, and had soiled the gloves he wore. He looked fifty years old; and in his excitement he had tugged his sword to the front, whence it refused to be thrust back.

'Who sent you here?' he asked, when he had so far recovered his senses as to recognise me, which he did with great surprise.

'I am here, sire,' I answered evasively, 'to place myself at your Majesty's service.'

'Such loyalty is rare,' he answered, with a bitter sneer. 'But stand up, sir. I suppose I must be thankful for small mercies, and, losing a Mercœur, be glad to receive a Marsac.'

'By your leave, sire,' I rejoined hardily, 'the exchange is not so adverse. Your Majesty may make another duke when you will. But honest men are not so easily come by.'

'So! so!' he answered, looking at me with a fierce light in his eyes. 'You remind me in season. I may still make and unmake! I am still King of France? That is so, sirrah, is it not?'



'God forbid that it should be otherwise!' I answered earnestly. 'It is to lay before your Majesty certain means by which you may give fuller effect to your wishes that I am here. The King of Navarre desires only, sire——'

'Tut, tut!' he exclaimed impatiently, and with some displeasure, 'I know his will better than you, man. But you see,' he continued cunningly, forgetting my inferior position as quickly as he had remembered it, 'Turenne promises well, too. And Turenne—it is true he may play the Lorrainer. But if I trust Henry of Navarre, and he prove false to me——'

He did not complete the sentence, but strode to and fro a time or two, his mind, which had a natural inclination towards crooked courses, bent on some scheme by which he might play off the one party against the other. Apparently he was not very successful in finding one, however; or else the ill-luck with which he had supported the League against the Huguenots recurred to his mind. For he presently stopped, with a sigh, and came back to the point.

'If I knew that Turenne were lying,' he muttered, 'then indeed——. But Rosny promised evidence, and he has sent me none.'

'It is at hand, sire,' I answered, my heart beginning to beat. 'Your Majesty will remember that M. de Rosny honoured me with the task of introducing it to you.'

'To be sure,' he replied, awaking as from a dream, and looking and speaking eagerly. 'Matters to-day have driven everything out of my head. Where is your witness, man? Convince me, and we will act promptly. We will give them Jarnac and Moncontour over again. Is he outside?'

'It is a woman, sire,' I made answer, dashed somewhat by his sudden and feverish alacrity.

'A woman, eh? You have her here?'

'No, sire,' I replied, wondering what he would say to my next piece of information. 'She is in Blois, she has arrived, but the truth is—I humbly crave your Majesty's indulgence—she refuses to come or speak. I cannot well bring her here by force, and I have sought you, sire, for the purpose of taking your commands in the matter.'

He stared at me in the utmost astonishment.

'Is she young?' he asked after a long pause.

'Yes, sire,' I answered. 'She is maid of honour to the Princess of Navarre, and a ward also of the Vicomte de Turenne.'

'Gad! then she is worth hearing, the little rebel!' he replied.

'A ward of Turenne's is she? Ho! ho! And now she will not speak? My cousin of Navarre now would know how to bring her to her senses, but I have eschewed these vanities. I might send and have her brought, it is true; but a very little thing would cause a barricade to-night.'

'And besides, sire,' I ventured to add, 'she is known to Turenne's people here, who have once stolen her away. Were she brought to your Majesty with any degree of openness, they would learn it, and know that the game was lost.'

'Which would not suit me,' he answered, nodding and looking at me gloomily. 'They might anticipate our Jarnac; and until we have settled matters with one or the other our person is not too secure. You must go and fetch her. She is at your lodging. She must be brought, man.'

'I will do what you command, sire,' I answered. 'But I am greatly afraid that she will not come.'

He lost his temper at that. 'Then why, in the devil's name, have you troubled me with the matter?' he cried savagely. 'God knows—I don't—why Rosny employed such a man and such a woman. He might have seen from the cut of your cloak, sir, which is full six months behind the fashion, that you could not manage a woman! Was ever such damnable folly heard of in this world? But it is Navarre's loss, not mine. It is his loss. And I hope to Heaven it may be yours too!' he added fiercely.

There was so much in what he said that I bent before the storm, and accepted with humility blame which was as natural on his part as it was undeserved on mine. Indeed I could not wonder at his Majesty's anger; nor should I have wondered at it in a greater man. I knew that but for reasons, on which I did not wish to dwell, I should have shared it to the full, and spoken quite as strongly of the caprice which ruined hopes and lives for a whim.

The king continued for some time to say to me all the hard things he could think of. Wearied at last by my patience, he paused, and cried angrily, 'Well, have you nothing to say for yourself? Can you suggest nothing?'

'I dare not mention to your Majesty,' I said humbly, 'what seems to me to be the only alternative.'

'You mean that I should go to the wench!' he answered—for he did not lack quickness. "*Se no va el otero a Mahoma, vaya Mahoma al otero,*" as Mendoza says. But the saucy quean, to

force me to go to her! Did my wife guess—but there, I will go. By God I will go!’ he added abruptly and fiercely. ‘I will live to ruin Retz yet! Where is your lodging?’

I told him, wondering much at this flash of the old spirit, which twenty years before had won him a reputation his later life did nothing to sustain.

‘Do you know,’ he asked, speaking with sustained energy and clearness, ‘the door by which M. de Rosny entered to talk with me? Can you find it in the dark?’

‘Yes, sire,’ I answered, my heart beating high.

‘Then be in waiting there two hours before midnight,’ he replied. ‘Be well armed, but alone. I shall know how to make the girl speak. I can trust you, I suppose?’ he added suddenly, stepping nearer to me and looking fixedly into my eyes.

‘I will answer for your Majesty’s life with my own,’ I replied, sinking on one knee.

‘I believe you, sir,’ he answered gravely, giving me his hand to kiss, and then turning away. ‘So be it. Now leave me. You have been here too long already. Not a word to any one as you value your life.’

I made fitting answer and was leaving him; but when I had my hand already on the curtain, he called me back. ‘In Heaven’s name get a new cloak!’ he said peevishly, eyeing me all over with his face puckered up. ‘Get a new cloak, man, the first thing in the morning. It is worse seen from the side than the front. It would ruin the cleverest courtier of them all!’

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

### A ROYAL PERIL.

THE elation with which I had heard the king announce his resolution quickly diminished on cooler reflection. It stood in particular at a very low ebb as I waited, an hour later, at the little north postern of the Castle, and, cowering within the shelter of the arch to escape the wind, debated whether his Majesty’s energy would sustain him to the point of action, or whether he might not, in one of those fits of treacherous vacillation which had again and again marred his plans, send those to keep the appointment who would give a final account of me. The

longer I considered his character the more dubious I grew. The loneliness of the situation, the darkness, the black front, unbroken by any glimmer of light, which the Castle presented on this side, and the unusual and gloomy stillness which lay upon the town, all contributed to increase my uneasiness. It was with apprehension as well as relief that I caught at last the sound of footsteps on the stone staircase, and, standing a little to one side, saw a streak of light appear at the foot of the door.

On the latter being partially opened a voice cried my name. I advanced with caution and showed myself. A brief conversation ensued between two or three persons who stood within; but in the end, a masked figure, which I had no difficulty in identifying as the king, stepped briskly out.

‘You are armed?’ he said, pausing a second opposite me.

I put back my cloak and showed him, by the light which streamed from the doorway, that I carried pistols as well as a sword.

‘Good!’ he answered briefly; ‘then let us go. Do you walk on my left hand, my friend. It is a dark night, is it not?’

‘Very dark, sire,’ I said.

He made no answer to this, and we started, proceeding with caution until we had crossed the narrow bridge, and then with greater freedom and at a better pace. The slenderness of the attendance at Court that evening, and the cold wind, which swept even the narrowest streets and drove roisterers indoors, rendered it unlikely that we should be stopped or molested by any except professed thieves; and for these I was prepared. The king showed no inclination to talk; and keeping silence myself out of respect, I had time to calculate the chances and to consider whether his Majesty would succeed where I had failed.

This calculation, which was not inconsistent with the keenest watchfulness on my part whenever we turned a corner or passed the mouth of an alley, was brought to an end by our safe arrival at the house. Briefly apologising to the king for the meanness and darkness of the staircase, I begged leave to precede him, and rapidly mounted until I met Maignan. Whispering to him that all was well, I did not wait to hear his answer, but, bidding him be on the watch, I led the king on with as much deference as was possible until we stood at the door of Mademoiselle’s apartment, which I have elsewhere stated to consist of an outer and inner room. The door was opened by Simon Fleix, and

him I promptly sent out. Then, standing aside and uncovering, I begged the king to enter.

He did so, still wearing his hat and mask, and I followed and secured the door. A lamp hanging from the ceiling diffused an imperfect light through the room, which was smaller but more comfortable in appearance than that which I rented overhead. I observed that Fanchette, whose harsh countenance looked more forbidding than usual, occupied a stool which she had set in a strange fashion against the inner door; but I thought no more of this at the moment, my attention passing quickly to mademoiselle, who sat crouching before the fire, enveloped in a large outdoor cloak, as if she felt the cold. Her back was towards us, and she was, or pretended to be, still ignorant of our presence. With a muttered word I pointed her out to the king, and went towards her with him.

'Mademoiselle,' I said in a low voice, 'Mademoiselle de la Vire! I have the honour——'

She would not turn, and I stopped. Clearly she heard, but she betrayed that she did so only by drawing her cloak more closely round her. Primed by my respect for the king, I touched her lightly on the shoulder. 'Mademoiselle!' I said impatiently, 'you are not aware of it, but——'

She shook herself free from my hand with so rude a gesture that I broke off, and stood gaping foolishly at her. The king smiled, and nodding to me to step back a pace, took the task on himself. 'Mademoiselle,' he said with dignity, 'I am not accustomed——'

His voice had a magical effect. Before he could add another word she sprang up as if she had been struck, and faced us, a cry of alarm on her lips. Simultaneously we both cried out too, for it was not mademoiselle at all. The woman who confronted us, her hand on her mask, her eyes glittering through the slits, was of a taller and fuller figure. We stared at her. Then a lock of bright golden hair which had escaped from the hood of her cloak gave us the clue. 'Madame!' the king cried.

'Madame de Bruhl!' I echoed, my astonishment greater than his.

Seeing herself known, she began with trembling fingers to undo the fastenings of her mask; but the king, who had hitherto displayed a trustfulness I had not expected in him, had taken alarm at sight of her, as at a thing unlooked for, and of

which I had not warned him. 'How is this?' he said harshly, drawing back a pace from her and regarding me with anger and distrust. 'Is this some pretty arrangement of yours, sir? Am I an intruder at an assignation, or is this a trap with M. de Bruhl in the background? Answer, sirrah!' he continued, working himself rapidly into a passion. 'Which am I to understand is the case?'

'Neither, sire,' I answered with as much dignity as I could assume, utterly surprised and mystified as I was by Madame's presence. 'Your Majesty wrongs Madame de Bruhl as much by the one suspicion as you injure me by the other. I am equally in the dark with you, sire, and as little expected to see madame here.'

'I came, sire,' she said proudly, addressing herself to the king, and ignoring me, 'out of no love to M. de Marsac, but as any person bearing a message to him might come. Nor can you, sire,' she added with spirit, 'feel half as much surprise at seeing me here, as I at seeing your Majesty.'

'I can believe that,' the king answered drily. 'I would you had not seen me.'

'The King of France is seen only when he chooses,' she replied, curtsying to the ground.

'Good,' he answered. 'Let it be so, and you will oblige the King of France, madame. But enough,' he continued, turning from her to me; 'since this is not the lady I came to see, M. de Marsac, where is she?'

'In the inner room, sire, I opine,' I said, advancing to Fanchette with more misgiving at heart than my manner evinced. 'Your mistress is here, is she not?' I continued, addressing the woman sharply.

'Ay, and will not come out,' she rejoined, sturdily keeping her place.

'Nonsense!' I said. 'Tell her——'

'You may tell her what you please,' she replied, refusing to budge an inch. 'She can hear.'

'But, woman!' I cried impatiently, 'you do not understand. I *must* speak with her. I must speak with her at once! On business of the highest importance.'

'As you please,' she said rudely, still keeping her seat. 'I have told you you can speak.'

Perhaps I felt as foolish on this occasion as ever in my life; and surely never was man placed in a more ridiculous position.

After overcoming numberless obstacles, and escaping as many perils, I had brought the king here, a feat beyond my highest hopes—only to be baffled and defeated by a waiting-woman! I stood irresolute; witless and confused; while the king waited half angry and half amused, and madame kept her place by the entrance, to which she had retreated.

I was delivered from my dilemma by the curiosity which is, providentially perhaps, a part of woman's character, and which led mademoiselle to interfere herself. Keenly on the watch inside, she had heard part of what passed between us, and been rendered inquisitive by the sound of a strange man's voice, and by the deference which she could discern I paid to the visitor. At this moment, she cried out, accordingly, to know who was there; and Fanchette, seeming to take this as a command, rose and dragged her stool aside, saying peevishly and without any increase of respect, 'There, I told you she could hear.'

'Who is it?' mademoiselle asked again, in a raised voice.

I was about to answer when the king signed to me to stand back, and, advancing himself, knocked gently on the door. 'Open, I pray you, mademoiselle,' he said courteously.

'Who is there?' she cried again, her voice trembling.

'It is I, the king,' he answered softly; but in that tone of majesty which belongs not to the man, but to the descendant, and seems to be the outcome of centuries of command.

She uttered an exclamation and slowly, and with seeming reluctance, turned the key in the lock. It grated, and the door opened. I caught a glimpse for an instant of her pale face and bright eyes, and then his Majesty, removing his hat, passed in and closed the door; and I withdrew to the farther end of the room, where madame continued to stand by the entrance.

I entertained a suspicion, I remember, and not unnaturally, that she had come to my lodging as her husband's spy; but her first words when I joined her dispelled this. 'Quick!' she said with an imperious gesture. 'Hear me and let me go! I have waited long enough for you, and suffered enough through you. As for that woman in there, she is mad, and her servant too! Now, listen to me. You spoke to me honestly to-day, and I have come to repay you. You have an appointment with my husband to-morrow at Chaverny. Is it not so?' she added impatiently.

I replied that it was so.



'You are to go with one friend,' she went on, tearing the glove she had taken off, to strips in her excitement. 'He is to meet you with one also?'

'Yes,' I assented reluctantly, 'at the bridge, madame.'

'Then do not go,' she rejoined emphatically. 'Shame on me that I should betray my husband; but it were worse to send an innocent man to his death. He will meet you with one sword only, according to his challenge, but there will be those under the bridge who will make certain work. There, I have betrayed him now!' she continued bitterly. 'It is done. Let me go!'

'Nay, but, madame,' I said, feeling more concerned for her, on whom from the first moment of meeting her I had brought nothing but misfortune, than surprised by this new treachery on his part, 'will you not run some risk in returning to him? Is there nothing I can do for you—no step I can take for your protection?'

'None!' she said repellently and almost rudely, 'except to speed my going.'

'But you will not pass through the streets alone?'

She laughed so bitterly my heart ached for her. 'The unhappy are always safe,' she said.

Remembering how short a time it was since I had surprised her in the first happiness of wedded love, I felt for her all the pity it was natural I should feel. But the responsibility under which his Majesty's presence and the charge of mademoiselle laid me forbade me to indulge in the luxury of evincing my gratitude. Gladly would I have escorted her back to her home—even if I could not make that home again what it had been, or restore her husband to the pinnacle from which I had dashed him—but I dared not do this. I was forced to content myself with less, and was about to offer to send one of my men with her, when a hurried knocking at the outer door arrested the words on my lips.

Signing to her to stand still, I listened. The knocking was repeated, and grew each moment more urgent. There was a little grille, strongly wired, in the upper part of the door, and this I was about to open in order to learn what was amiss, when Simon's voice reached me from the farther side imploring me to open the door quickly. Doubting the lad's prudence, yet afraid to refuse lest I should lose some warning he had to give, I paused a second, and then undid the fastenings. The moment the door gave way he fell in bodily, crying out to me to bar it behind him. I caught a glimpse

through the gap of a glare as of torches, and saw by this light half a dozen flushed faces in the act of rising above the edge of the landing. The men who owned them raised a shout of triumph at sight of me, and, clearing the upper steps at a bound, made a rush for the door. But in vain. We had just time to close it and drop the two stout bars. In a moment, in a second, the fierce outcry fell to a dull roar; and safe for the time, we had leisure to look in one another's faces and learn the different aspects of alarm. Madame was white to the lips, while Simon's eyes seemed starting from his head, and he shook in every limb with terror.

At first, on my asking him what it meant, he could not speak. But that would not do, and I was in the act of seizing him by the collar to force an answer from him when the inner door opened, and the king came out, his face wearing an air of so much cheerfulness as proved both his satisfaction with mademoiselle's story and his ignorance of all we were about. In a word he had not yet taken the least alarm; but seeing Simon in my hands, and madame leaning against the wall by the door like one deprived of life, he stood and cried out in surprise to know what it was.

'I fear we are besieged, sire,' I answered desperately, feeling my anxieties increased a hundredfold by his appearance—'but by whom I cannot say. This lad knows, however,' I continued, giving Simon a vicious shake, 'and he shall speak. Now, trembler,' I said to him, 'tell your tale!'

'The Provost-Marshal!' he stammered, terrified afresh by the king's presence: for Henry had removed his mask. 'I was on guard below. I had come up a few steps to be out of the cold, when I heard them enter. There are a round score of them.'

I cried out a great oath, asking him why he had not gone up and warned Maignan, who with his men was now cut off from us in the rooms above. 'You fool!' I continued, almost beside myself with rage, 'if you had not come to this door they would have mounted to my rooms and beset them! What is this folly about the Provost-Marshal?'

'He is there,' Simon answered, cowering away from me, his face working.

I thought he was lying, and had merely fancied this in his fright. But the assailants at this moment began to hail blows on the door, calling on us to open, and using such volleys of threats as penetrated even the thickness of the oak; driving the blood from the women's cheeks, and arresting the king's step in a

manner which did not escape me. Among their cries I could plainly distinguish the words, 'In the king's name!' which bore out Simon's statement.

At the moment I drew comfort from this; for if we had merely to deal with the law we had that on our side which was above it. And I speedily made up my mind what to do. 'I think the lad speaks the truth, sire,' I said coolly. 'This is only your Majesty's Provost-Marshal. The worst to be feared, therefore, is that he may learn your presence here before you would have it known. It should not be a matter of great difficulty, however, to bind him to silence, and if you will please to mask, I will open the grille and speak with him.'

The king, who had taken his stand in the middle of the room, and seemed dazed and confused by the suddenness of the alarm and the uproar, assented with a brief word. Accordingly I was preparing to open the grille when Madame de Bruhl seized my arm, and forcibly pushed me back from it.

'What would you do?' she cried, her face full of terror. 'Do you not hear? He is there.'

'Who is there?' I said, startled more by her manner than her words.

'Who?' she answered; 'who should be there? My husband! I hear his voice, I tell you! He has tracked me here! He has found me, and will kill me!'

'God forbid!' I said, doubting if she had really heard his voice. To make sure, I asked Simon if he had seen him; and my heart sank when I heard from him too that Bruhl was of the party. For the first time I became fully sensible of the danger which threatened us. For the first time, looking round the ill-lit room on the women's terrified faces, and the king's masked figure instinct with ill-repressed nervousness, I recognised how hopelessly we were enmeshed. Fortune had served Bruhl so well that, whether he knew it or not, he had us all trapped—alike the king whom he desired to compromise, and his wife whom he hated, mademoiselle who had once escaped him, and I who had twice thwarted him. It was little to be wondered at if my courage sank as I looked from one to another, and listened to the ominous creaking of the door, as the stout panels complained under the blows rained upon them. For my first duty, and that which took the *pas* of all others, was to the king—to save him harmless. How, then, was I to be answerable for mademoiselle,

how protect Madame de Bruhl?—how, in a word, redeem all those pledges in which my honour was concerned?

It was the thought of the Provost-Marshall which at this moment rallied my failing spirits. I remembered that until the mystery of his presence here in alliance with Bruhl was explained there was no need to despair; and turning briskly to the king I begged him to favour me by standing with the women in a corner which was not visible from the door. He complied mechanically, and in a manner which I did not like; but lacking time to weigh trifles, I turned to the grille and opened it without more ado.

The appearance of my face at the trap was greeted with a savage cry of recognition, which subsided as quickly into silence. It was followed by a momentary pushing to and fro among the crowd outside, which in its turn ended in the Provost-Marshall coming to the front. 'In the king's name!' he said fussily.

'What is it?' I replied, eyeing rather the flushed, eager faces which scowled over his shoulders than himself. The light of two links, borne by some of the party, shone ruddily on the heads of the halberds, and, flaring up from time to time, filled all the place with wavering, smoky light. 'What do you want?' I continued, 'rousing my lodging at this time of night?'

'I hold a warrant for your arrest,' he replied bluntly. 'Resistance will be vain. If you do not surrender I shall send for a ram to break in the door.'

'Where is your order?' I said sharply. 'The one you held this morning was cancelled by the king himself.'

'Suspended only,' he answered. 'Suspended only. It was given out to me again this evening for instant execution. And I am here in pursuance of it, and call on you to surrender.'

'Who delivered it to you?' I retorted.

'M. de Villequier,' he answered readily. 'And here it is. Now, come, sir,' he continued, 'you are only making matters worse. Open to us.'

'Before I do so,' I said drily, 'I should like to know what part in the pageant my friend M. de Bruhl, whom I see on the stairs yonder, proposes to play. And there is my old friend Fresnoy,' I added. 'And I see one or two others whom I know, M. Provost. Before I surrender I must know among other things what M. de Bruhl's business is here.'

'It is the business of every loyal man to execute the king's warrant,' the Provost answered evasively. 'It is yours to sur-

render, and mine to lodge you in the Castle. But I am loth to have a disturbance. I will give you until that torch goes out, if you like, to make up your mind. At the end of that time, if you do not surrender, I shall batter down the door.'

'You will give the torch fair play?' I said, noting its condition.

He assented; and thanking him sternly for this indulgence, I closed the grille.

*(To be continued.)*

## *English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century.<sup>1</sup>*

### LECTURE II.

#### JOHN HAWKINS AND THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

I BEGIN this lecture with a petition addressed to Queen Elizabeth. Thomas Seely, a merchant of Bristol, hearing a Spaniard in a Spanish port utter foul and slanderous charges against the Queen's character, knocked him down. To knock a man down for telling lies about Elizabeth might be a breach of the peace, but it had not yet been declared heresy. The Holy Office, however, seized Seely, threw him into a dungeon, and kept him starving there for three years, at the end of which he contrived to make his condition known in England. The Queen wrote herself to Philip to protest. Philip would not interfere. Seely remained in prison and in irons, and the result was a petition from his wife, in which the temper which was rising can be read as in letters of fire. Dorothy Seely demands that 'the friends of her Majesty's subjects so imprisoned and tormented in Spain may make out ships at their proper charges, 'take such Inquisitors or other Papistical subjects of the King of Spain as they can by sea or land, and retain them in prison with such torments and diet as her Majesty's subjects be kept with in Spain, and on complaint made by the King to give such answer as is now made when her Majesty sues for subjects imprisoned by the Inquisition. Or that a Commission be granted to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the other bishops word for word for foreign Papists as the Inquisitors have in Spain for the Protestants. So that all may know that her Majesty cannot and will not longer endure the spoils and torments of her subjects, and the Spaniards shall not think this noble realm dares not seek revenge of such importable wrongs.'

Elizabeth issued no such Commission as Dorothy Seely asked

<sup>1</sup> Four Lectures delivered at Oxford, Easter Term, 1893;

for, but she did leave her subjects to seek their revenge in their own way, and they sought it sometimes too rashly.

In the summer of 1563 eight English merchantmen anchored in the roads at Gibraltar. England and France were then at war. A French brig came in after them, and brought up near. At sea, if they could take her, she would have been a lawful prize. Spaniards under similar circumstances had not respected the neutrality of English harbours. The Englishmen were perhaps in doubt what to do, when the officers of the Holy Office came off to the French ship. The sight of the black familiars drove the English wild. Three of them made a dash at the French ship, intending to sink her. The Inquisitors sprang into their boat, and rowed for their lives. The castle guns opened, and the harbour police put out to interfere. The French ship, however, would have been taken, when unluckily Alvarez de Baçan, with a Spanish squadron, came round into the straits. Resistance was impossible. The eight English ships were captured and carried off to Cadiz. The English flag was trailed under De Baçan's stern. The crews, two hundred and forty men in all, were promptly condemned to the galleys. In defence they could but say that the Frenchman was an enemy, and a moderate punishment would have sufficed for a violation of the harbour rules which the Spaniards themselves so little regarded. But the Inquisition was inexorable, and the men were treated with such peculiar brutality that after nine months ninety only of the two hundred and forty were alive.

Ferocity was answered by ferocity. Listen to this! The Cobhams of Cowling Castle were Protestants by descent. Lord Cobham was famous in the Lollard martyrology. Thomas Cobham, one of the family, had taken to the sea like many of his friends. While cruising in the Channel he caught sight of a Spaniard on the way from Antwerp to Cadiz with forty prisoners on board, consigned, it might be supposed, to the Inquisition. They were, of course, Inquisition prisoners; for other offenders would have been dealt with on the spot. Cobham chased her down into the Bay of Biscay, took her, scuttled her, and rescued the captives. But that was not enough. The captain and crew he sewed up in their own mainsail and flung them overboard. They were washed ashore dead, wrapped in their extraordinary winding-sheet. Cobham was called to account for this exploit, but he does not seem to have been actually punished. In a very short time he was out and away again at the old work. There were plenty with him. After the business at Gibraltar, Philip's subjects were not



safe in English harbours. Jacques le Clerc, a noted privateer, called Pie de Palo from his wooden leg, chased a Spaniard into Falmouth and was allowed to take her under the guns of Pendennis. The governor of the castle said that he could not interfere because Le Clerc had a commission from the Prince of Condé. It was proved that in the summer of 1563 there were 400 English and Huguenot rovers in and about the Channel, and that they had taken 700 prizes between them. The Queen's own ships followed suit. Captain Cotton in the *Phoenix* captured an Antwerp merchantman in Flushing. The harbour-master protested. Cotton laughed and sailed away with his prize. The Regent Margaret wrote in indignation to Elizabeth. Such insolence, she said, was not to be endured. She would have Captain Cotton chastised as an example to all others. Elizabeth measured the situation more correctly than the Regent; she preferred to show Philip that she was not afraid of him. She preferred to let her subjects discover for themselves that the terrible Spaniard before whom the world trembled was but a colossus stuffed with clouts. Until Philip consented to tie the hands of the Holy Office she did not mean to prevent them from taking the law into their own hands.

Now and then, if occasion required, Elizabeth herself would do a little privateering on her own account. In the next story that I have to tell she appears as a principal, and her great minister, Cecil, as an accomplice. The Duke of Alva had succeeded Margaret as Regent of the Netherlands, and was drowning heresy in its own blood. The Prince of Orange was making a noble fight; but all went ill with him. His troops were defeated, his brother Louis was killed. He was still struggling, helped by Elizabeth's money. But the odds were terrible, and the only hope lay in the discontent of Alva's soldiers, who had not been paid their wages, and would not fight without them. Philip's finances were not flourishing, but he had borrowed half a million ducats from a house at Genoa for Alva's use. The money was to be delivered in bullion at Antwerp. The Channel privateers heard that it was coming and were on the look-out for it. The vessel in which it was sent took refuge in Plymouth, but found she had run into the enemy's nest. Nineteen or twenty Huguenot and English cruisers lay round her with commissions from Condé to take every Catholic ship they met with. Elizabeth's special friends thought and said freely that so rich a prize ought to fall to no one but her Majesty. Elizabeth thought the same, but for a more honourable reason. But it was of the highest consequence

that the money should not reach the Duke of Alva at that moment. Even Cecil said so, and sent the Prince of Orange word that it would be stopped in some way.

But how could it decently be done? Bishop Jewel relieved the Queen's mind (if it was ever disturbed) on the moral side of the question. The bishop held that it would be meritorious in a high degree to intercept a treasure which was to be used in the murder of Protestant Christians. But the how was the problem. To let the privateers take it openly in Plymouth harbour would, it was felt, be a scandal. Sir Arthur Champenowne, the vice-admiral of the West, saw the difficulty and offered his services. He had three vessels of his own in Condé's privateer fleet, under his son Henry. As vice-admiral he was first in command at Plymouth. He placed a guard on board the treasure ship, telling the captain it would be a discredit to the Queen's Government if harm befell her in English waters. He then wrote to Cecil.

'If,' he said, 'it shall seem good to your honour that I with others shall give the attempt for her Majesty's use which cannot be without blood, I will not only take it in hand, but also receive the blame thereof unto myself, to the end so great a commodity should redound to her Grace, hoping that, after bitter storms of her displeasure, showed at the first to colour the fact, I shall find the calm of her favour in such sort as I am most willing to hazard myself to serve her Majesty. Great pity it were such a rich booty should escape her Grace. But surely I am of that mind that anything taken from that wicked nation is both necessary and profitable to our commonwealth.'

Very shocking on Sir Arthur's part to write such a letter: so many good people will think. I hope they will consider it equally shocking that King Philip should have burnt English sailors at the stake because they were loyal to the laws of their own country; that he was stirring war all over Europe to please the Pope, and thrusting the doctrines of the Council of Trent down the throats of mankind at the sword's point. Spain and England might be at peace; Romanism and Protestantism were at deadly war, and war suspends the obligations of ordinary life. Crimes the most horrible were held to be virtues in defence of the Catholic faith. The Catholics could not have the advantage of such indulgences without the inconveniences. The Protestant cause throughout Europe was one, and assailed as the Protestants were with such envenomed ferocity, they could not afford to be nicely scrupulous in the means they used to defend themselves.

Sir Arthur Champenowne was not called on to sacrifice himself in such peculiar fashion, and a better expedient was found to secure Alva's money. The bullion was landed and was brought to London by road on the plea that the seas were unsafe. It was carried to the Tower, and when it was once inside the walls it was found to remain the property of the Genoese until it was delivered at Antwerp. The Genoese agent in London was as willing to lend it to Elizabeth as to Philip, and indeed preferred the security. Elizabeth calmly said that she had herself occasion for money, and would accept their offer. Half of it was sent to the Prince of Orange; half was spent on the Queen's navy.

Alva was of course violently angry. He arrested every English ship in the Low Countries. He arrested every Englishman that he could catch, and sequestered all English property. Elizabeth retaliated in kind. The Spanish and Flemish property taken in England proved to be worth double what had been secured by Alva. Philip could not declare war. The Netherlands insurrection was straining his resources, and with Elizabeth for an open enemy the whole weight of England would have been thrown on the side of the Prince of Orange. Elizabeth herself should have declared war, people say, instead of condescending to such tricks. Perhaps so; but also perhaps not. These insults, steadily maintained and unresented, shook the faith of mankind, and especially of her own sailors, in the invincibility of the Spanish colossus.

I am now to turn to another side of the subject. The stories which I have told you show the temper of the time, and the atmosphere which men were breathing, but it will be instructive to look more closely at individual persons, and I will take first John Hawkins (afterwards Sir John), a peculiarly characteristic figure.

The Hawkinse of Plymouth were a solid middle-class Devonshire family, who for two generations had taken a leading part in the business of the town. They still survive in the county—Achins we used to call them before school pronunciation came in, and so Philip wrote the name when the famous John began to trouble his dreams. I have already spoken of old William Hawkins, John's father, whom Henry VIII. was so fond of, and who brought over the Brazilian king. Old William had now retired and had left his place and his work to his son. John Hawkins may have been about thirty at Elizabeth's accession. He had witnessed the wild times of Edward VI. and Mary, but, though many of his friends had taken to the privateering

business, Hawkins appears to have kept clear of it, and continued steadily at trade. One of these friends, and his contemporary, and in fact his near relation, was Thomas Stukely, afterwards so notorious—and a word may be said of Stukely's career as a contrast to that of Hawkins. He was a younger son of a leading county family, went to London to seek his fortune, and became a hanger-on of Sir Thomas Seymour. Doubtless he was connected with Seymour's pirating scheme at Scilly, and took to pirating as an occupation like other Western gentlemen. When Elizabeth became queen, he introduced himself at Court and amused her with his conceit. He meant to be a king, nothing less than a king. He would go to Florida, found an empire there, and write to the Queen as his dearest sister. She gave him leave to try. He bought a vessel of 400 tons, got 100 tall soldiers to join him besides the crew, and sailed from Plymouth in 1563. Once out of harbour, he announced that the sea was to be his Florida. He went back to the pirate business, robbed freely, haunted Irish creeks, and set up an intimacy with the Ulster hero Shan O'Niel. Shan and Stukely became bosom friends. Shan wrote to Elizabeth to recommend that she should make over Ireland to Stukely and himself to manage, and promised, if she agreed, to make it such an Ireland as had never been seen, which they probably would. Elizabeth not consenting, Stukely turned Papist, transferred his services to the Pope and Philip, and was preparing a campaign in Ireland under the Pope's direction, when he was tempted to join Sebastian of Portugal in the African expedition and there got himself killed.

Stukely was a specimen of the foolish sort of the young Devonshire men; Hawkins was exactly his opposite. He stuck to business, avoided politics, traded with Spanish ports without offending the Holy Office, and formed intimacies and connections with the Canary Islands especially, where it was said 'he grew much in love and favour with the people.'

At the Canaries he naturally heard much about the West Indies. He was adventurous. His Canaries friends told him that negroes were great merchandise in the Spanish settlements in Española, and he himself was intimately acquainted with the Guinea coast, and knew how easily such a cargo could be obtained.

We know to what the slave trade grew. We have all learnt to repent of the share which England had in it, and to abhor every one whose hands were stained by contact with so accursed a business. All that may be taken for granted; but we must look

at the matter as it would have been represented at the Canaries to Hawkins himself.

The Carib races whom the Spaniards found in Cuba and St. Domingo had withered before them as if struck by a blight. Many died under the lash of the Spanish overseers. Many, perhaps the most, from the mysterious causes which have made the presence of civilisation so fatal to the Red Indian, the Australian, and the Maori. It is with men as it is with animals. The races which consent to be domesticated prosper and multiply. Those which cannot live without freedom pine like caged eagles or disappear like the buffaloes of the prairies.

Anyway, the natives perished out of the islands of the Caribbean Sea with a rapidity which startled the conquerors. The famous Bishop Las Casas pitied and tried to save the remnant that were left. The Spanish settlers required labourers for the plantations. On the continent of Africa were another race, savage in their natural state, which would domesticate like sheep and oxen, and learnt and improved in the white man's company. The negro never rose of himself out of barbarism; as his fathers were, so he remained from age to age; when left free, as in Liberia and in Hayti, he reverts to his original barbarism; while in subjection to the white man he showed then, and he has shown since, high capacities of intellect and character. Such is, such was the fact. It struck Las Casas that if negroes could be introduced into the West Indian islands, the Indians might be left alone; the negroes themselves would have a chance to rise out of their wretchedness, could be made into Christians, and could be saved at worst from the horrid fate which awaited many of them in their own country.

The black races varied like other animals: some were gentle and timid, some were ferocious as wolves. The strong tyrannised over the weak, made slaves of their prisoners, occasionally ate them, and those they did not eat they sacrificed at what they called their *customs*—offered them up and cut their throats at the altars of their idols. These customs were the most sacred traditions of the negro race. They were suspended while the slave trade gave the prisoners a value. They revived when the slave trade was abolished. When Lord Wolseley a few years back entered Ashantee, the altars were coated thick with the blood of hundreds of miserable beings who had been freshly slaughtered there. Still later similar horrid scenes were reported from Dahomey. Sir Richard Burton, who was an old acquaintance of

mine, spent two months with the King of Dahomey, and dilated to me on the benevolence and enlightenment of that excellent monarch. I asked why, if the king was so benevolent, he did not alter the Customs. Burton looked at me with consternation. 'Alter the Customs!' he said. 'Would you have the Archbishop of Canterbury alter the Liturgy?' Las Casas and those who thought as he did are not to be charged with infamous inhumanity if they proposed to buy these poor creatures from their captors, save them from Mumbo Jumbo, and carry them to countries where they would be valuable property, and be at least as well cared for as the mules and horses.

The experiment was tried and seemed to succeed. The negroes who were rescued from the Customs and were carried to the Spanish islands proved docile and useful. Portuguese and Spanish factories were established on the coast of Guinea. The black chiefs were glad to make money out of their wretched victims, and readily sold them. The transport over the Atlantic became a regular branch of business. Strict laws were made for the good treatment of the slaves on the plantations. The trade was carried on under license from the government, and an import duty of thirty ducats per head was charged on every negro that was landed. I call it an experiment. The full consequences could not be foreseen, and I cannot see that as an experiment it merits the censures which in its later developments it eventually came to deserve. Las Casas, who approved of it, was one of the most excellent of men. Our own Bishop Butler could give no decided opinion against negro slavery as it existed in his time. It is absurd to say that ordinary merchants and ship captains ought to have seen the infamy of a practice which Las Casas advised and Butler could not condemn. The Spanish and Portuguese governments claimed, as I said, the control of the traffic. The Spanish settlers in the West Indies objected to a restriction which raised the price and shortened the supply. They considered that having established themselves in a new country they had a right to a voice in the conditions of their occupancy. It was thus that the Spaniards in the Canaries represented the matter to John Hawkins. They told him that if he liked to make the venture with a contraband cargo from Guinea, their countrymen would give him an enthusiastic welcome. It is evident from the story that neither he nor they expected that serious offence would be taken at Madrid. Hawkins at this time was entirely friendly with the Spaniards. It was enough if he



could be assured that the colonists would be glad to deal with him.

I am not crediting him with the benevolent purposes of Las Casas. I do not suppose Hawkins thought much of saving black men's souls. He saw only an opportunity of extending his business among a people with whom he was already largely connected. The traffic was established. It had the sanction of the Church, and no objection had been raised to it anywhere on the score of morality. The only question which could have presented itself to Hawkins was of the right of the Spanish Government to prevent foreigners from getting a share of a lucrative trade against the wishes of its subjects. And his friends at the Canaries certainly did not lead him to expect any real opposition. One regrets that a famous Englishman should have been connected with the slave trade; but we have no right to heap violent censures upon him because he was no more enlightened than the wisest of his contemporaries.

Thus encouraged from Santa Cruz, Hawkins on his return to England formed an African company out of the leading citizens of London. Three vessels were fitted out, Hawkins being commander and part owner. The size of them is remarkable: the *Solomon*, the largest was called, 120 tons; the *Swallow* 100 tons; the *Jonas* not above 40 tons. This represents them as inconceivably small. They carried between them a hundred men, and ample room had to be provided besides for the blacks. There may have been a difference in the measurement of tonnage. We ourselves have five standards: builder's measurement, yacht measurement, displacement, sail area, and register measurement. Registered tonnage is far under the others: a yacht registered 120 tons would be called 200 in a shipping list. However that be, the brigantines and sloops used by the Elizabethans on all adventurous expeditions were mere boats compared with what we should use now on such occasions. The reason was obvious. Success depended on speed and sailing power. The art of building big square-rigged ships which would work to windward had not been yet discovered even by Mr. Fletcher of Rye. The fore-and-aft rig alone would enable a vessel to tack, as it is called, and this could only be used with craft of moderate tonnage.

The expedition sailed in October 1562. They called at the Canaries, where they were warmly entertained. They went on to Sierra Leone, where they collected 300 negroes. They avoided the Government factories, and picked them up as they could,



some by force, some by negotiation with local chiefs, who were as ready to sell their subjects as Sancho Panza intended to be when he got his island. They crossed without misadventure to St. Domingo, where Hawkins represented that he was on a voyage of discovery; that he had been driven out of his course and wanted food and money. He said he had certain slaves with him, which he asked permission to sell. What he had heard at the Canaries turned out to be exactly true. So far as the governor of St. Domingo knew, Spain and England were at peace. Privateers had not troubled the peace of the Caribbean Sea, or dangerous heretics menaced the Catholic faith there. Inquisitors might have been suspicious, but the Inquisition had not yet been established beyond the Atlantic. The Queen of England was his sovereign's sister-in-law, and the governor saw no reason why he should construe his general instructions too literally. The planters were eager to buy, and he did not wish to be unpopular. He allowed Hawkins to sell two out of his three hundred negroes, leaving the remaining hundred as a deposit should question be raised about the duty. Evidently the only doubt in the governor's mind was whether the Madrid authorities would charge foreign importers on a higher scale. The question was new. No stranger had as yet attempted to trade there.

Every one was satisfied, except the negroes, who were not asked their opinion. The profits were enormous. A ship in the harbour was about to sail for Cadiz. Hawkins invested most of what he had made in a cargo of hides, for which, as he understood, there was a demand in Spain, and he sent them over in her in charge of one of his partners. The governor gave him a testimonial for good conduct during his stay in the port, and with this and with his three vessels he returned leisurely to England, having, as he imagined, been splendidly successful.

He was to be unpleasantly undeceived. A few days after he had arrived at Plymouth, he met the man whom he had sent to Cadiz with the hides forlorn and empty-handed. The Inquisition, he said, had seized the cargo and confiscated it. An order had been sent to St. Domingo to forfeit the reserved slaves. He himself had escaped for his life, as the familiars had been after him.

Nothing shows more clearly how little thought there had been in Hawkins that his voyage would have given offence in Spain than the astonishment with which he heard the news. He protested. He wrote to Philip. Finding entreaties useless, he swore vengeance; but threats were equally ineffectual. Not a hide,

not a farthing could he recover. The Spanish Government, terrified at the intrusion of English adventurers into their western paradise to endanger the gold fleets, or worse to endanger the purity of the faith, issued orders more peremptory than ever to close the ports there against all foreigners. Philip personally warned Sir Thomas Chaloner, the English ambassador, that if such visits were repeated mischief would come of it. And Cecil, who disliked all such semi-piratical enterprises, and Chaloner, who was half a Spaniard and an old companion in arms of Charles V., entreated their mistress to forbid them.

Elizabeth, however, had her own views in such matters. She liked money. She liked encouraging the adventurous disposition of her subjects, who were fighting the state's battles at their own risk and cost. She saw in Philip's anger a confession that the West Indies was his vulnerable point; and that if she wished to frighten him into letting her alone, and to keep the Inquisition from burning her sailors, there was the place where Philip would be more sensitive. Probably, too, she thought that Hawkins had done nothing for which he could be justly blamed. He had traded at St. Domingo with the governor's consent, and confiscation was sharp practice.

This was clearly Hawkins's own view of the matter. He had injured no one. He had offended no pious ears by parading his Protestantism. He was not Philip's subject, and was not to be expected to know the instructions given by the Spanish Government in the remote corners of their dominions. If any one was to be punished, it was not he but the governor. He held that he had been robbed and had a right to indemnify himself at the King's expense. He would go out again. He was certain of a cordial reception from the planters. Between him and them there was the friendliest understanding. His quarrel was with Philip, and Philip only. He meant to sell a fresh cargo of negroes, and the Madrid government should go without their 30 per cent. duty.

Elizabeth approved. Hawkins had opened the road to the West Indies. He had shown how easy slave smuggling was, and how profitable it was; how it was also possible for the English to establish friendly relations with the Spanish settlers in the West Indies, whether Philip liked it or not. Another company was formed for a second trial. Elizabeth took shares, Lord Pembroke took shares, and other members of the Council. The Queen lent the *Jesus*, a large ship of her own of 700 tons. Formal instructions

were given that no wrong was to be done to the King of Spain, but what wrong might mean was left to the discretion of the commander. Where the planters were all eager to purchase, means of traffic would be discovered without collision with the authorities. This time the expedition was to be on a larger scale, and a hundred soldiers were put on board to provide for contingencies. Thus furnished, Hawkins started on his second voyage in October 1564. The autumn was chosen to avoid the extreme tropical heats. He touched as before to see his friends at the Canaries. He went on to the Rio Grande, met with adventures bad and good, found a chief at war with a neighbouring tribe, helped to capture a town and take prisoners, made purchases at a Portuguese factory. In this way he now secured four hundred human cattle, perhaps for a better fate than they would have met with at home, and with these he sailed off in the old direction. Near the Equator he fell in with calms; he was short of water, and feared to lose some of them; but, as the record of the voyage puts it, 'Almighty God would not suffer his elect to perish,' and sent a breeze which carried him safe to Domenica. In that wettest of islands he found water in plenty, and had then to consider what next he would do. St. Domingo, he thought, would be no longer safe for him; so he struck across to the Spanish Main to a place called Burboroata, where he might hope that nothing would be known about him. In this he was mistaken. Philip's orders had arrived: no Englishman of any creed or kind was to be allowed to trade in his West India dominions. The settlers, however, intended to trade. They required only a display of force that they might pretend that they were yielding to compulsion. Hawkins told his old story. He said that he was out on the service of the Queen of England. He had been driven off his course by bad weather. He was short of supplies and had many men on board, who might do the town some mischief if they were not allowed to land peaceably and buy and sell what they wanted. The governor affecting to hesitate, he threw a hundred and twenty men on shore and brought his guns to bear on the castle. The governor gave way under protest. Hawkins was to be permitted to sell half his negroes. He said that as he had been treated so inhospitably he would not pay the 30 per cent. The King of Spain should have 7½, and no more. The settlers had no objection. The price would be the less, and with this deduction his business was easily finished off. He bought no more hides, and was paid in solid silver.

From Burboroata he went on to Rio de la Hacha, where the same scene was repeated. The whole four hundred were disposed of, this time with ease and complete success. He had been rapid, and had the season still before him. Having finished his business he surveyed a large part of the Caribbean Sea, taking soundings, noting the currents, and making charts of the coasts and islands. This done, he turned homewards, following the east shore of North America as far as Newfoundland. There he gave his crew a change of diet with fresh cod from the banks, and after eleven months' absence he sailed into Padstow, having lost but twenty men in the whole adventure, and bringing back sixty per cent. to the Queen and the other shareholders.

Nothing succeeds like success. Hawkins's praises were in every one's mouth, and in London he was the hero of the hour. Elizabeth received him at the palace. The Spanish ambassador, De Silva, met him there at dinner. He talked freely of where he had been and of what he had done, only keeping back the gentle violence which he had used. He regarded this as a mere farce, since there had been no one hurt on either side. He boasted of having given the greatest satisfaction to the Spaniards who had dealt with him. De Silva could but bow, report to his master, and ask instructions how he was to proceed.

Philip was frightfully disturbed. He saw in prospect his western subjects allying themselves with the English—heresy creeping in among them; his gold fleets in danger, all the possibilities with which Elizabeth had wished to alarm him. He read and re-read De Silva's letters, and opposite the name of Achines he wrote startled interjections on the margin: 'Ojo! Ojo!'

The political horizon was just then favourable to Elizabeth. The Queen of Scots was a prisoner in Loch Leven; the Netherlands were in revolt; the Huguenots were looking up in France; and when Hawkins proposed a third expedition, she thought that she could safely allow it. She gave him the use of the *Jesus* again, with another smaller ship of hers, the *Minion*. He had two of his own still fit for work; and a fifth, the *Judith*, was brought in by his young cousin, Francis Drake, who was now to make his first appearance on the stage. I shall tell you by and by who and what Drake was. Enough to say now that he was a relation of Hawkins, the owner of a small smart sloop or brigantine, and ambitious of a share in a stirring business.

The Plymouth seamen were falling into dangerous contempt

of Philip. While the expedition was fitting out, a ship of the King's came into Catwater with more prisoners from Flanders. She was flying the Castilian flag, contrary to rule, it was said, in English harbours. The treatment of the English ensign at Gibraltar had not been forgiven, and Hawkins ordered the Spanish captain to strike his colours. The captain refused, and Hawkins instantly fired into him. In the confusion the prisoners escaped on board the *Jesus* and were let go. The captain sent a complaint to London, and Cecil—who disapproved of Hawkins and all his proceedings—sent down an officer to inquire into what had happened. Hawkins, confident in Elizabeth's protection, quietly answered that the Spaniard had broken the laws of the port, and that it was necessary to assert the Queen's authority.

'Your mariners,' said De Silva to her, 'rob our subjects on the sea, trade where they are forbidden to go, and fire upon our ships in your harbours. Your preachers insult my master from their pulpits, and when we remonstrate we are answered with menaces. We have borne so far with their injuries, attributing them rather to temper and bad manners than to deliberate purpose. But seeing that no redress can be had, and that the same treatment of us continues, I must consult my Sovereign's pleasure. For the last time I require your Majesty to punish this outrage at Plymouth and preserve the peace between the two realms.'

No remonstrance could seem more just till the other side was heard. The other side was that the Pope and the Catholic powers were undertaking to force the Protestants of France and Flanders back under the Papacy with fire and sword. It was no secret that England's turn was to follow as soon as Philip's hands were free. Meanwhile he had been intriguing with the Queen of Scots; he had been encouraging Ireland in rebellion; he had been persecuting English merchants and seamen, starving them to death in the Inquisition dungeons, or burning them at the stake. The Smithfield infamies were fresh in Protestant memories, and who could tell how soon the horrid work would begin again at home, if the Catholic powers could have their way?

If the King of Spain and his Holiness at Rome would have allowed other nations to think and make laws for themselves, pirates and privateers would have disappeared off the ocean. The West Indies would have been left undisturbed, and Spanish, English, French, and Flemings would have lived peacefully side by side as they do now. But spiritual tyranny had not yet

learned its lesson, and the 'Beggars of the Sea' were to be Philip's schoolmasters in irregular but effective fashion.

Elizabeth listened politely to what De Silva said, promised to examine into his complaints, and allowed Hawkins to sail.

What befell him you will hear in the next lecture.

J. A. FROUDE.

## *Discipline.*

‘**A** HAMPER for M. le Curé.’

‘Bien! Be good enough to open it, Suzanne.’

Suzanne did as she was told. M. le Curé, in soutane, sat at his desk, awaiting this new revelation. He had great faith in the unseen—as regarded parcels.

‘O, Monsieur, v’là le beau dindon!’

She had extricated the turkey from the hamper, and was now holding it up for admiration by the legs. The turkey could not but hang its head. If it was the moment of Suzanne’s triumph, it was also the moment of the turkey’s humiliation. Life is an uneven balance; the elevation of one scale means always the depression of the other.

M. le Curé got up with dignity. He was short and stout, with small eyes, and plump cheeks, and thick lips, and a treble chin. Had he not been a priest, you might have fancied that he was a little sensual. But he had forsworn the world. Still, there is something interesting even to a priest in a turkey at Christmas time. He went up to the bird still pendent from the hand of Suzanne. He even went so far as to apply his thumb and forefinger to the breast—not an eager pinch, but one calm and critical, such as became a man of his profession.

‘A plump bird, Suzanne, eh?’

For a moment Suzanne was enthusiastic. It was a turkey of a thousand. She might have seen larger—yes, that was quite possible—but never, no never, a plumper one. Would M. le Curé put himself to the trouble to notice the depth of flesh upon the breastbone?

She held the bird up higher as she spoke. Then, all at once, a change came over her expression.

‘We will have it on Christmas Day,’ said the Curé, and his eyes twinkled.



'Mais, M. le Curé——' began Suzanne, a little timidly.

'Well, what is it?'

'It has, perhaps, been a little long on the way,' said Suzanne.

'You mean it will not keep?'

'It would be perfect if M. le Curé would have it to-day.'

'But that is impossible. It is Friday—in Advent, too.'

'It will not keep till Sunday.'

'Oh, dear!' said the Curé. 'Let me look at the label, Suzanne.'

It was true. The bird had not come flying. It had apparently been missent to some out-of-the-way place, where it had remained several days, probably in some close apartment.

'It would be a thousand pities for so fine a bird to be thrown away,' remarked the Curé, as if to himself. Suzanne agreed with him, respectfully yet eagerly.

'And yet what is to be done?' continued the Curé.

The Curé was a good man, or he might have solved the problem in a moment. Or, rather, there would have been no problem to solve. But life is full of problems for good people. Others may walk straight to their object, but the good man must sit down and think the matter out in all its bearings. M. le Curé did not actually sit down; on the contrary, he walked up and down the room. Every time he came near the turkey he sniffed a little, and said to himself that the bird would certainly not keep. This was the one firm fact which he had to go upon. No, there was one other. It was a fine bird, a very fine bird, an exceedingly fine bird; its plumpness was quite remarkable. Most turkeys have a very sharp breastbone, needing sometimes, indeed, a kind of surgical operation to reduce it to a seemly level when on the table. But this turkey seemed to be all meat. Surely it must be a sin to waste a bird like this. Give it to the poor? No, certainly not! It is not good for the soul's health, even of the poor, to eat turkey on a Friday in Advent. True, they have to starve on a good many flesh-days, but you can't balance things in this way. Without a dispensation no one can eat meat on any Friday, much less a Friday in Advent. And only the Bishop can grant a dispensation.

It is terrible to think what an amount of evil has been brought about by women. When the Curé asked that question, 'What is to be done?' he asked it in all innocence. Was Suzanne as innocent when she replied—

'The turkey can be done, M. le Curé?'

'Well, yes,' said the Curé, taking his three chins in his right hand and caressing them, 'there can be no harm in that.'

Suzanne waited to hear no more. Taking the turkey with her, she left the room. The Curé returned to his desk.

'It is a curious thing,' he said to himself, 'that there is nothing in the Bible about turkeys.' He had forgotten for the moment that turkeys came originally from America.

Then he went on with his sermon. It was about sins of the flesh, and he found it very hard work. His mind seemed all confusion. Once he even caught himself writing 'the turkeys of Egypt' instead of 'the flesh-pots of Egypt.' This made him smile, and, when you are alone and smile to yourself, you generally mean it as a kind of dispensation from work. So he put down his pen and lay back in his great leathern armchair. Then something happened which had often happened before—he actually fell asleep. You see, with only a double chin a man gets to sleep quite easily in the afternoon, and the Curé had a treble chin.

And he had a dream—the dream of a really good man—all innocence and comfort. It was the simplest dream in the world. He was merely sitting at his table, with a serviette tucked under his three chins, and the turkey was before him, and he was eating of it. That was the whole dream. Very simple, you say, but then the turkey was done to a turn.

He was just saying, 'You will find some nice pickings on the back, Suzanne,' when he awoke. He rubbed his eyes; he was astonished that the turkey was no longer before them, and yet—now he understood it all. The door was open, and the exquisite odour of roast turkey pervaded the room. Suzanne was certainly cooking the bird.

The Curé sighed. Life is full of disillusions. 'I wish I had not awoke,' he said, a little peevishly. 'The dream was nicer than this. I wonder what o'clock it is.' He pulled out his watch. 'Dear me, it is already five.'

—At five the Curé dined, and Suzanne was punctuality itself. At that very moment she put in her head. 'M. le Curé, le diner est servi,' she said.

The Curé got up and walked across the hall into the other room, his dining-room. What a delicious smell! He tried to frown.

Suzanne lifted the cover. Yes, it was true! There was the turkey, plump and brown and juicy, exhaling the most exquisite

odours under his very nose. There was a terrible mental struggle. He turned at first very red—the blush that waits upon a crime; then very pale—he was forming a stern resolve; then nearly blue—this was the strangulating effect of conflicting emotions.

‘Suzanne!’ he exclaimed in a tone of reproach. Oh, the Eve-like craft of the woman!

‘Mais Monsieur le Curé commanded me to cook it!’

‘Cook it?—yes,’ answered the Curé, and stopped short.

Are not ecclesiastics right in their dread of women? Is not every woman a born temptress? And the worst of it is you can never cure them. Here, for instance, had this abandoned woman been enjoying for years the advantage of living in the same house with a really good man, who had over and over again pointed out to her exactly what she ought to do and what she ought to leave undone, and yet all this did not prevent her from playing the temptress when a favourable opportunity presented itself. And the Curé was so very hungry!

Nevertheless, he would not give way without a struggle. He laid down his knife and fork.

‘What else is there, Suzanne?’ he asked.

‘But there is nothing else, M. le Curé.’

‘Oh,’ said the Curé, ‘that is very, very wrong of you.’

He felt that it was indeed very wrong; for, after all, if a man may not eat meat, he must yet eat something. He cannot nourish a treble chin on air alone.

‘It is very wrong of you,’ he repeated.

Then, in sheer absence of mind, he took up his fork and began pricking the turkey with the prongs. Now, man is, after all, so much a creature of habit that I defy you to have a fork in your hands for more than a few seconds without the fork finding its way to your mouth; you do not consciously place it there—the hand moves mechanically. So it was with the Curé.

‘It was very wrong of you, Suzanne,’ he repeated once more.

Suzanne noticed that the wrongdoing had now been transferred to the past tense.

The fork returned mechanically to the breast of the turkey.

All at once there was a ring at the front door. Suzanne went to open it. Presently she returned, her face flushed with excitement.

‘It is Monseigneur!’ she exclaimed. Monseigneur was the Bishop.

The Curé started up. Suzanne noticed that the knife was now in the dish with the fork; so much progress had been made during her brief absence.

'You have shown Monseigneur into the study? Good! I will go there at once.' He paused and then added, 'Apropos, Suzanne, you had better keep the door of this room shut while I am with his lordship.'

He had already opened it, and was on his way to the study, when Suzanne exclaimed, 'Mais, M. le Curé, will you not take off your serviette first?'

The Curé looked down a little abashed. Yes, the serviette was really tucked under his chin. In his hurry he had forgotten it. But how had it come there at all when there had been nothing but the forbidden turkey before him? It was certainly rather odd.

The Bishop was gracious and courtly, but he was a disciplinarian.

'I have just heard,' he said, as the Curé entered the room, 'of a very sad case, and I thought, as I was passing your door, that I would tell you of it at once. There is no time to be lost.'

'I am at the command of Monseigneur,' answered the Curé dolefully.

'It is a workman named Le Brun and his family, who have just come into your parish,' said the Bishop; 'Rue de la Guerre, No. 8. He has fallen from a ladder, and grave fears are entertained. I think you had better go and see him at once.'

'I will go this very instant,' said the Curé still more dolefully. The Rue de la Guerre was at the furthest extremity of his parish. It was perhaps for this reason that the news had not already reached him.

He had said that he would go that very instant, but he did not move. The Bishop looked at him a little sternly.

'There is no time to be lost,' he repeated.

'I did not like to leave your lordship alone,' said the Curé.

'Oh, don't mind me,' said the Bishop with a smile. 'With your permission I may remain here till you return. I have an engagement close by a little later. By the way, could you give me a morsel of food? I have had nothing since the morning.'

'Certainly, Monseigneur. I will tell Suzanne at once.'

'But do not delay to go to poor Le Brun,' said the Bishop. 'Suzanne knows me, and will not mind giving me a morsel.'

The Curé went into the hall. Suzanne was there—there was

generally something to be done in the hall when the Curé had a visitor in the study. She helped her master to put on his cloak, and handed him his hat.

‘Monseigneur will take a little refreshment,’ he murmured.

The Bishop was close by, so that any private communication was impossible. Then the Curé went out into the darkness, and Suzanne closed the door behind him.

The Bishop suddenly turned round. In three strides he had crossed the hall, and before Suzanne knew what he was doing, he had reached the dining-room door.

‘I know the way,’ he said pleasantly. ‘Perhaps you would kindly bring me a bit of bread and a glass of water.’

‘Mais, Monseigneur——’ began Suzanne.

It was too late. The door was already open. There in front of the Bishop was the roast turkey, still uncovered, and generously diffusing all around it an appetising odour.

The Bishop almost started at the spectacle. What! One of his clergy feasting in this way on a Friday in Advent! It was intolerable. Such enormities might pass unheeded amongst Protestants, with whom there was no discipline, but in his Church it was different. He bore a sword, and he would not bear it in vain.

He looked round. Suzanne had fled, fearing perhaps to be excommunicated on the spot.

‘*Dux femina facti*,’ said the Bishop to himself. ‘I fear she is a bad woman. A turkey in Advent! It is strange how many women are wicked at heart.’

Then he drew closer to the table and noticed the knife in the dish, and the fork still sticking in the turkey’s breast.

‘Arrested in the very act!’ he said; ‘*in flagrante delicto*. But not a mouthful eaten. That I should have come at that exact moment when he was on the very verge of the precipice!’

He sat down, struck by the strange fatality of the affair. There was bread upon the table almost under his hand. He began to crumble it. Then he put a little into his mouth. He was hungry—he had had nothing since the morning. The bread he was taking excited the salivary glands and made his appetite yet keener. He wondered whether Suzanne was going to bring him anything. He had spoken of bread and water, but in his mind there had been the vision of an omelette. An omelette is innocent at any time, and yet it is tasty and nourishing. But there was no sign of Suzanne, and consequently no sign of an omelette.

'I shall be fit for nothing at this rate,' said the Bishop to himself, very sternly. 'I feel positively fainting. I shall not be able to get through my work.'

And still the turkey steamed before him, and every exhalation was a fresh testimony to its succulence. Poor neglected bird! It seemed to provoke the knife of the carver—to implore the attention of some kindly eater.

At last the Bishop was so much disgusted with things in general that he plucked the fork out of the creature's breast. What business had one of his clergy ever to have stuck it in? Discipline must be maintained, especially in his diocese. He must give the Curé a lesson—but how?

'It is Rousseau,' he said to himself, 'who advocates the doctrine that in education all punishment should be the natural consequence of the fault committed. In this case, for example, I suppose he would say that this man's fault would be most properly punished by some one else eating up the dinner he had criminally ordered to be prepared for himself. It is a pity Rousseau was an infidel, for there is certainly something in his theory.'

'Yes,' he repeated, 'there is certainly something in it. But it could not be carried out in this case without a certain sacrifice on the part of some one else. And who is there to make the sacrifice?'

Rapt in meditation, he bent forward across the table, as if he would consult the turkey itself confidentially on the subject. The odour that the bird sent forth was indescribably delicious. The Bishop sighed.

'Some one, it is clear, must make the sacrifice,' he said. 'If there is anything wrong in it the guilt must rest on the original transgressor.'

He took up the carving-knife and felt the edge with his thumb. It was very keen. The turkey, it was clear, would not be able to resist it for a moment.

'Yes, on the original transgressor,' repeated the Bishop; 'it is through him alone that this complication has arisen.'

Then he took up the fork.

'There is no one else to do it,' he said; 'it has been forced upon me. It would be wrong on my part to let him escape the natural consequence of his error. Discipline must be maintained. I alone in this diocese have the power to grant a dispensation, and I hereby grant it—to myself.'

There was a half bubbling, half hissing sound as the trenchant

blade made a deep incision in the turkey's breast ; then there was a slight clatter of the knife and fork upon the plate as the Bishop began the sacrifice. He ate slowly and sternly ; he was discharging a duty, and he discharged it conscientiously. The dining-room door was still open, and Suzanne, peeping from the kitchen, glimpsed the solemn scene.

At the end of a quarter of an hour the Bishop rose from the table, looking sterner than ever.

'I cannot eat it all,' he said to himself, 'but I have done my best. I have at any rate succeeded in reducing the temptation. The choicer morsels are now removed. I think the legs are probably tough.'

Then, without summoning Suzanne, he made his way into the hall and let himself out at the front door.

Half an hour later the Curé returned.

'Has Monseigneur gone?' he asked.

'Monseigneur has gone and has taken the turkey with him.'

'Taken the turkey with him?'

'Most of it,' said Suzanne. 'He has eaten it. Is it not very wicked?'

'No,' said the Curé sadly, 'a Bishop can give himself a dispensation.'

'Oh, what a pity M. le Curé isn't a Bishop! It was such a beautiful bird.'

Was!

ROY TELLET.



## *Reflection and Presage.*

### REFLECTION.

YOU have a tongue of honey and gall,  
 You can trip up truth with the deftest fall;  
 Your wit is as bright as your heart is true—  
 And how does that sentence read to you?

You have seen my soul in the clearest light,  
 And would not read its riddle aright;  
 The heart you think of, the mind you see,  
 Are but your trappings transferred to me.

### PRESAGE.

You bird of ocean, o'er the tossing wave,  
 You flit prey-seeking—I am not your prey;  
 Though I can ne'er forget the gift you gave,  
 Until all time dissolves in the last day.  
 Pause in your flight—look on this wretch of error,  
 Who fearless fears your presage—is it well  
 Your brilliant wings should bring a flash of terror  
 To one whose vows and hopes you ne'er can tell?

Wing on your flight, work out your destined story,  
 Work to the prize that waits you at the end,  
 And when your wings shall burn with Heaven's glory  
 Think not of me—you cannot make or mend.  
 Watching your flight, I still shall wait in wonder  
 To see you dauntless in the lightning's blaze,  
 And while I hear, and tremble at, the thunder,  
 May know you restful after restless days.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

## *On Leopards.*

THE leopard is not a very well-known wild beast. It has occupied only a comparatively small space in the popular literature of natural history. It is only casually mentioned in Frank Buckland's *Curiosities of Natural History*. The late Mr. Wood gave a very meagre account of it in his favourite book. It is probable that there may be some authentic explanation how and why the leopard found such a prominent place in the armorial bearings of England, but I cannot lay hands on it. It is true that national emblems are not always happily selected; as, for instance, the fearful fowl that does duty in America for an eagle; or the imaginary creature with two necks and two heads that is found on the standard of Austria as the typical eagle of that country. In England we have set up three leopards on the Royal Flag, and perhaps the number or quantity is supposed to make up for the quality of the beast. The leopard is, in my opinion, rather a vulgar animal. It is vulgar in two senses. It is very common in many parts of Asia and Africa, and its general habits are low, cowardly, and sneaking. Its redeeming quality is that it has considerable beauty of form and fur. So, for that matter, has almost every one of the cat tribe. During a long residence in India I became tolerably familiar with leopards. I once kept two little cubs about three months old, but when in my inexperience I had them washed with soap and water to get rid of their fleas, they resented the insult and died. I never really liked leopards. Mr. Wood, the naturalist, describes them as creatures of almost inoffensive habits, but enemies to poultry and fatal to fowls. On the other hand I have recently seen an account in an Indian paper of a leopard that killed in the course of eighteen months more than 150 human beings. Such a murderous beast never came within my cognisance, though I fear that the story was true. I will now try to put together a few reminiscences of my own

experiences with leopards for a period extending over twenty years and more in Lower Bengal.

The first time that I saw a wild leopard in the jungle might have been easily also the last time for my seeing any wild leopards. I was creeping along under the trees on the slope of one of the little hills at Chittagong, just inside the tangled fringe of briars and grasses at the edge of the covert. I was stalking, or rather sneaking, after one of those beautiful pheasants which we used to call the *Mathoora* (*Euplocamus Horsfieldi*), and listening for its footfall on the dry leaves, for this pheasant rather disregards the precaution of moving silently. Suddenly there was a slight noise of a broken twig on the projecting branch of a tree almost overhead in front of me. A glance showed to me a leopard stretched out along the branch and gazing earnestly into the bushes below it. The leopard was hunting the *Mathoora* after his fashion, hoping to pounce on it from the tree. He was so intent on his work that he seemed not to have heard, or smelt, or seen me. In a moment I raised my gun and fired a charge of No. 5 shot into his head just behind the ear. The leopard fell dead almost at my feet, nearly all the shot having penetrated the brain. But if I had not been so lucky as to see the leopard, and also to kill it dead, it might perhaps have jumped down on me and broken my neck, or in its dying struggles it might have bitten and mauled me. It was great luck for me, but bad luck for the leopard. It was a very handsome young beast, apparently full-grown, though leopards vary so much in size and length that it is not easy to say when one of them has reached maturity. This adventure happened many years ago. I still have the animal's skin, but it looks rather dingy and dirty now.

Some persons are of opinion that the skin of a leopard is one of the most beautiful productions of nature. No two skins are exactly alike in the size and position of the spots, and almost every spot differs slightly from another. If any one wishes to judge for himself, let him walk down Regent Street and look at the leopard skins hanging in the fur-shops there. It seems a rather hard saying, but the people who cure and preserve these skins make some of them look more beautiful than when they are on the live animal. Let any one go to the Zoo and look at the living creatures and admire their graceful forms, and the infinite variety of their spotted skins. But they need to have sunshine on them, and sunshine cannot be brought directly to bear on the leopards in the Lion House. On the few summer days on which

they can be let out into the large iron-barred enclosures behind the Lion House they look much better, but still the skins are more or less dirty, and they want the gloss that they ought to have. The best living leopard that I ever saw in captivity was in the Zoological Gardens at Marseilles, where a large cave has been so artfully dug out of the hillside that a projecting point of rock stretches out into the sunshine, and the leopards delight to lie on it. As we passed by there was a leopard lying basking in the sun, and his skin was a picture of natural beauty. Any visitor to Marseilles will do well to go and see the Zoo there, if it be only for the sake of the leopards.

It may be rather a surprise to learn that there are not a few people who deny the existence of a leopard. They call it a panther, and profess not to know what is meant by a leopard. It is, however, desirable to consider their arguments respectfully. Horace wrote the line, *Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo*, and to the best of my recollection this is one of the earliest instances in which the animal is mentioned as a panther by a classic writer. But this is not the whole of the case against the leopard. A friend of mine is the fortunate possessor of the large folio entitled *Arca Noe*, written in mediæval Latin by Dr. Athanasius Kircher and published at Amsterdam A.D. 1675. In this work, Dr. Kircher, who was a very learned man in his time, has given separate pictures of all the animals that went into the Ark, and he has also presented to us the portraits of the animals that were *not* taken into the Ark. Amongst these excluded animals he places the leopard, or *leopardus*. The reason given by him is this—that the leopard is a hybrid animal, a compound of the lion and the pard or panther. On the same principle Noah is said to have excluded the camelopard, as a hybrid combination of the camel and the pard. Other animals, such as mules, were not admitted for similar reasons; and it seems to follow that Dr. Kircher believed that Noah called the animals in his time by their Greek names. It is only fair to add that Noah did not take with him what are called the amphibious animals, such as the hippopotamus and the crocodile and the otter, who, as the showman said, ‘can’t live upon land and die in the water.’ Dr. Kircher has also supplied the likeness of the mermaid, for whom there was no admission into the Ark. She is decidedly, as Horace wrote, *mulier formosa superne*. Presumably she was looked on by Noah as a hybrid, a very undesirable combination of woman and fish. Be this as it may, it apparently did not much

signify to mermaids in general. Doubtless there have been just as many mermaids since the Flood as there were before the Flood.

To return to the leopard. Dr. Kircher's theory regarding the animal was undoubtedly in accordance with the general opinion of his time. Dr. John Anderson, one of our best, but not best-known, naturalists, writes thus in a book published by him in 1883: 'The *felis pardus*, like the lion and tiger, was well known to the ancients, who had a curious superstition regarding it, that survives more or less to the present day, and gives rise to frequent discussions as to the supposed difference between the Panther or Pard, and the Leopard. It was thought not to be actually the same animal as the Panther or Pard, but to be a mongrel or hybrid between the male Pard and the Lioness; hence it was called the Lion-panther or Leopardus. This error, as Archbishop Trench tells us, has lasted into modern times. Thus Fuller says, "Leopards and mules are properly no creatures." In reality, however, the names Pard, Panther, and Leopard have reference to one and the same animal.' I believe that all scientific zoologists are of the same opinion as Dr. Anderson. But in India there are some English sportsmen who still imagine that there is a difference between a panther and a leopard. In Madras and Bombay the animal is almost invariably called a panther. The Bengal Presidency, in its military jurisdiction, is so extensive, reaching from the borders of Afghanistan to the eastern limits of Assam, that it would be unsafe to predicate that the name Panther is not recognised in any part of Bengal, but in the province known as Lower Bengal the name Leopard is almost invariably used by English sportsmen. It would be of little use to discuss the names applied by the natives of each province to the leopard or panther. According to my own experience, the natives adopt the name which they think most suitable to the colloquial proficiency of their master. They would sometimes call it a little tiger and sometimes a spotted tiger in speaking to their master; whilst among themselves, owing to their superstitious notions, they would not venture to talk of the animal by its proper name. Thus I have heard them use the word 'jackal' as applicable to both a leopard and a tiger. This superstition is curious, but almost universal. The strict Mahomedans, from their aversion to the unclean animal the hog, do not speak of it as the *Soor*, a name familiar to every Englishman, but they call it the *Kala harin*, or black deer, as a conscience-saving euphemism.

It is probable that many residents in India, especially in the

large towns, know little about the habits of leopards. My own acquaintance with them, as the subjects of sport, extended over many years. When I was an Assistant Magistrate at Chittagong, of the mature age of twenty-one, my friend Captain Swatman, who was in charge of the elephant kheddass, tried hard to introduce me to a leopard. There were some little hills covered with bushes and grass, just behind the cantonments, or military lines, where the native Sepoy Regiment dwelt. The neighbouring villagers used to turn out their cattle to graze on these hills, and from time to time some predatory animal, either a tiger or a leopard, would kill one of the cows or calves. The owner of the slain animal would rush off to tell Captain Swatman of his loss, and Swatman immediately ordered out some of his elephants, and kindly sent off an elephant and howdah to my house or office to fetch me. If I was in office the business of the day was adjourned to the morrow, and I went off with my guns to meet Swatman at the edge of the jungle on the hills. How hard we used to work in the hot sun to try and find the tiger or the leopard! But our tactics were not very brilliant, for first we had to find the body of the cow or calf, in order to ascertain from its wounds whether the assailant had been a tiger or a leopard. Whilst we were disturbing the jungle, the leopard (and the marks were usually those of a leopard) stole away and hid itself in the ravines between the little hills; or it may be that it went right away to thicker cover on the larger hills, about half a mile distant. Of course, as we hunted about among the bushes there would be frequent false alarms that the leopard had been seen. One day a young mahout, anxious to distinguish himself for zeal, cried out that he had seen a large red animal that must be a tiger. It turned out to be an old red cow that had no fear of a leopard, and had not left the jungle. As for myself, I am sure that I never saw even the tip of the leopard's tail. But we went out again and again, almost once a week, in the vain hope that our labours would be rewarded. At last the end came about in this way. The sepoys managed one morning to cut off the leopard from the jungle, and to surround it, and attack it with their iron-bound bamboo clubs; these clubs are very formidable weapons, and, though intended chiefly for domestic use, in fighting amongst themselves or with their neighbours, in disputes about land or women, a blow from one of them on a leopard's head or loins would be almost certain to disable or kill the beast. At all events the sepoys killed the

leopard, and for that year an end was put to our small hunting expeditions with the elephants.

As a rule, a man does not go out leopard-shooting as he goes snipe-shooting or tiger-shooting. Usually the news is brought by some excited and affrighted native that a leopard has entered his premises, and, after killing a child, or a goat, or a fowl, has hid itself in some shed or outhouse. On such an appeal it is usual to go out to try and kill that leopard. If a companion can be found, it is better for two men to go together than for one man to go alone with only native followers. Almost the first case that I remember to which we were called, we found that the leopard was ensconced in a mat and thatch cow-shed, of which the door had been closed on him. We rather rashly opened the door in order to peep in. There was a rush and a scuffle, as the leopard tore the door open wider and jumped out to escape. We were lucky in not being knocked down or even scratched. But the leopard did not get right away. It foolishly entered another shed, which was promptly closed on him, and we had to begin again. My companion climbed on to the roof with his gun, and an active native got up with him to tear open a hole in the thatch of the roof. I stood on the ground with a clear space before me, in case the leopard should turn out in my direction. The eager crowd of natives, who had come, regardless of danger, was induced to retire to a distance, whilst the most nimble of them climbed up into trees or on to the roofs of the adjacent huts. It takes longer to write this than to give an idea of what actually happened. The native who was tearing a hole in the thatch of the shed had rashly tried to look in to see where the leopard was. In a moment the leopard sprang at him, and its head appeared through the thatch. My companion put his gun to the beast's head and sent a bullet through its brain so that it dropped dead into the hut. But there were loud cries from the native on the roof, for the bullet, after passing through the leopard's skull, had grazed the man's body, so that he was bleeding profusely and crying out that he was killed. He was quickly brought down from the roof of the shed, and his wound was washed, and found to be little more than skin-deep. A present of a few rupees soon comforted him, and he became not undeservedly, the hero of the day among his fellow-villagers. The carcase of the leopard was slung from a bamboo and brought to our house, and the skin became the property of my companion,



Leopards are sometimes very bold and inquisitive. One night I was sleeping on a narrow camp-bed in the verandah of a small indigo factory, where we had a select party assembled for shooting. I awoke suddenly on hearing a sort of sighing, growling noise, and the next moment I could just see by the moonlight the form of a leopard as it climbed on to the verandah and approached my bed. Fortunately I had mosquito curtains, which seemed a sort of protection, but I shouted and yelled as loudly as I could, and some of the native servants beginning to move, the leopard thought it expedient to depart, and was seen no more. Far different was the experience of the tea-planter in Assam, who was visited by a tiger under somewhat similar circumstances. He was lying asleep on his cot in the verandah of his bungalow, and one of his hands was hanging outside his mosquito curtains. The tiger seized him by the hand and literally pulled him out of bed. He managed to alight on his feet, and then he found himself being led along by the tiger, from whose jaws he could not release his hand. His feelings must have been very unpleasant. Fortunately an alarm was raised, and another gentleman, rushing out with a loaded gun, fired a couple of shots which probably hit the tiger, as it let go the hand and bolted. A somewhat analogous story is told by Mr. Edward Baker, once a well-known sportsman in Lower Bengal. He says that he was watching for a tiger one morning, when the animal came out on the other side of the jungle and seized a villager who was squatted down cutting grass. The tiger, having got easy possession of his victim, did not at once proceed to kill or eat the man, but lay upon him as if meditating on the pleasure awaiting it. Its meditations were cut short by a bullet from Mr. Baker's rifle, and the villager was found almost uninjured. Mr. Baker then describes what the villager told him about his sensations and apprehensions when he thought that his life was forfeited, and that only death awaited him, in whatever manner the tiger might select. But Mr. Baker's stories are sometimes a little embroidered, and there is some reason to believe that in this instance his own imagination supplied most of the thoughts of the villager, especially as the story was not published by him until many years after the occurrence.

As a rule, it is best to shoot leopards on foot, the alternative being to shoot them from a howdah on the back of an elephant. There are several reasons for this. In the first place, when a man

is on foot, and can post himself judiciously so as to get a clear shot, the leopard is more likely to come out, as it is wanted to come, as soon as the beaters begin to try to drive it, with their sticks and clubs and shouts, in the direction indicated. The leopard either comes sneaking out, half stopping to listen to the noises behind him, or he may come out at full speed, making his way to another patch of bushes. My friend Mr. F. B. Simson, by far the best shot and sportsman of his time in Lower Bengal, has written in his book that he used to flatter himself that he could put a ball pretty nearly exactly where he liked into a leopard at from twenty-five to forty yards' distance. It was not my good fortune to be able to do anything like that. The leopard is not a large animal, and its vulnerable parts, especially the head and neck, are small. It bounds along very fast, and the pace is always deceptive. I have made some lucky shots and rolled over several leopards by a bullet just behind the shoulder. I have missed, or merely slightly wounded, others. Still it is better to be on foot than on an elephant. I have shot leopards from an elephant, but my recollections of leopards in connection with the howdah are not altogether pleasant. One day, after a long and weary beat for tigers for several hours with old Pundit Grant in Dinagepore, we at last disturbed a leopard. It quickly hid itself, and with our twelve elephants we searched for it for nearly an hour amongst bushes that would hardly have hidden a hare. In front of us was a large tank full of water, which the leopard could not have swum across without being seen. My elephant was rather in front, and had reached the top of the bank of the tank. The mahout, disgusted and tired, was sitting loosely with his feet out of the stirrups; and I was standing carelessly leaning forward in the howdah, with my gun in my hand. Suddenly, the leopard jumped up right under the elephant's trunk, and the elephant started back, nearly throwing the mahout off, whilst I was pitched against the front panel of the howdah with a blow that knocked the wind out of me, and hit me so hard on the chest that I was black and blue for several days. Of course the leopard escaped. Another day, when out with the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, we found a leopard, which ran and hid itself in a small patch of thatching grass not two feet high. More than a dozen elephants were brought up to trample down the grass and turn out the leopard, and for more than an hour we pounded away, but never saw the leopard. At last, when we all had our backs turned to it, the leopard crept

out and got amongst the huts and houses of the village, and we saw it no more. On another occasion I mistook a tiger for a leopard. News was brought in to the Lieutenant-Governor's camp that there was a tiger in a village about a mile off. There was no cover for a tiger anywhere in the immediate neighbourhood, and no tiger had been seen there for years. I thought that it might be a roving leopard. At all events we had the elephants out, and went to see. We found a large and thriving native village, but there was no sign of any wild animal. There was just one strip of rushes along the edge of some water, and we took the elephants into it. We put up some black partridges, and I had merely a charge of shot in my gun. When we had gone about 100 yards after the partridges I saw the head of a large animal looking at me just over the rushes. I fired a charge of shot into the beast's face and blinded it in either one or both eyes. It turned out to be a young tiger. Then there was great excitement. The tiger could not see where to go, and was probably in a country quite strange to it, so that we had little difficulty in killing it. If its sight had not been destroyed, I fear that it would have escaped from us, as some of our party had never seen a wild tiger, and men become ludicrously nervous at the mere sight of their first tiger.

There is another way of hunting leopards, which is not often practised, as the leopard does not take to it very kindly. When men are fond of hog-hunting, and hogs are not always forthcoming, they sometimes try to beat out a leopard and spear it as they would spear a wild boar. The leopard does not readily quit the jungle. It is not accustomed to take long and rapid gallops across open fields. If it does break cover it is easy to overtake it on horseback; but when overtaken it jinks, and turns so rapidly that it is not very easy to spear it. Its body is so small that it is difficult to spear it in the right place. A Danish gentleman named Holm, a very good and fearless rider, one day speared a leopard, but the spear only passed along underneath the skin, so that he had, as it were, skewered the animal on to himself. Holm always rode in his old top-boots—in fact he almost lived in his top-boots—and it was his custom to stuff a newspaper or two inside the tops, so as to enable him to read the news when there was no game near at hand. This newspaper arrangement was lucky for him, for the wounded leopard seized the top of the boot and found its teeth embedded in a newspaper instead of in my friend's leg.

At last Holm let go his spear, as he could not otherwise get rid of the leopard, which was soon despatched by some other members of the party. There is a good picture of leopard-spearing in the frontispiece to Mr. Simson's book on Sport in Bengal. The spear of the successful rider is being thrust down the leopard's mouth, which is almost sure to inflict a fatal wound. In the background there is a sketch of a gentleman pursuing his runaway horse. That is the portrait of the writer of this paper, who had parted company with his steed, from want of sufficient adhesive power in battling with the thorny bushes of the jungle.

I must tell one other tale of leopard-shooting. Not far from the station called Sylhet, the little hills covered with trees and shrubs afforded shelter to many leopards. We used to set live-traps to catch the leopards. Towards nightfall a live goat was put in the trap, and when a leopard crept into the trap to seize the goat, the doors at each end of the trap dropped, so that, when the leopard had done his cruel business with the goat, he found that he could not get out. In the morning the sportsmen of the station used to go out to the trap with their guns, and when the leopard was let out they shot it as it tried to escape to the hills. One day a leopard thus imprisoned in the trap declined to come out. My friend Mr. Levien, an exceedingly active and nimble little man, went to the trap and got on the top of it, and tried to drive the leopard out. The leopard did at last come out, but it quickly turned round and tried to jump on to the top of the trap to catch Levien. With marvellous quickness Levien popped off the trap and got inside and shut the door, so that the hunter became the hunted. The other sportsmen closed in and soon shot the leopard, but any man less active than Levien might have been caught and mauled.

I might perhaps add much about tame leopards, or leopards in captivity. But I never liked pet tame leopards, and I will only warn young officers in India against keeping them as pets. They may be very well-behaved to their own master, but when a visitor comes to call, not knowing anything about the existence of a leopard in the house, it is very unpleasant to him to find a huge beast coming sniffing up to him, and raising its head as if to lick his face. The visitor is probably seated in the darkened drawing-room, and the servant who introduced him has gone off to call his master, who is said to be dressing or bathing. I remember an exceedingly bad quarter of an hour that I spent in a certain

subaltern's bungalow with a strange leopard as my only companion, for the native servant did not come back to the drawing-room, as he had a holy horror of the leopard on his own account. When at last my young friend appeared he could hardly believe that any one could be afraid of such a harmless, playful animal as his leopard. I thought otherwise, and did not repeat my call. Before the end of a month this leopard bit his own master—of course in play; but the warning was taken, and the master had the skull and skin very handsomely set up as a souvenir of his old pet.

C. T. BUCKLAND.

## *An Eastern Cadet.*

‘Through wish, resolve, and act, our will  
Is moved by undreamed forces still;  
And no man measures in advance  
His strength with untried circumstance.’

WHITTIER.

‘CAN you see what the names are? I am a bit short-sighted, and they are beyond my range.’

The scene was within the quadrangle of Burlington House, where on the wall had been posted, a few minutes before, a sheet of paper inscribed with a few names—a very few names—only three in all, which, belonging to the successful candidates in the Ceylon Civil Examination, were thus to be announced to all whom it might concern. The contest had been even more severe than usual, for there were but three vacancies, and between seventy and eighty young men had entered the lists.

Week after week had passed since the closing day, and still no sign had been vouchsafed by the authorities; but at last there had been some signs of life within the grim walls, and a young man who had made inquiry daily, and daily been informed that the result was as yet unknown, had been bidden return within the hour on presenting himself at Burlington House on the morning in question. He had done so, and it was he who now besought the good offices of another, on the plea of short-sightedness.

‘Barton Manningham Allerton, first,’ read the person thus applied to, with slow distinctness, for he could only just decipher the characters himself; ‘John George Merewether, second; John Wilkinson, third.’ Then he turned and looked at his interrogator.

A quick flush had mounted to the young man’s face, and the mask of careless curiosity had dropped from it.

Yet he strove not to betray too much. ‘Ah—thank you—would you mind—what did you say was the first name, *exactly*?’ he stammered, his breath catching a little.

'Barton—Manningham—Allerton,' repeated his informant, with a pause between each word.

'Much obliged.' Barton Manningham Allerton dropped his cane upon the pavement, and, picking it up, walked away.

Although the month was December, he fancied himself blinded by the sunshine which flared into his eyes. He also fancied he had not a very firm grip of the paving-stones beneath his feet, and was obliged to be very careful in order not to knock against people nor to jostle them. In crossing the streets he was most particular not to be run over; insomuch that once a crossing-sweeper, in stature up to his elbow, jeeringly proffered his services: 'Now, don't you be afeard. You jist kitch 'old o' me, and I'll see that nobody does you any damage.'

The urchin's voice sounded strange and far off in Barton Manningham Allerton's ears. He did not feel inclined to laugh, nor did he put his fingers in his pocket for a penny. Instead, he turned upon the youthful satirist a pair of soulless orbs, whose expression was so helpless, so mystified, so strange altogether, that impish Dick Castaway never forgot it, and related the tale to his mates with peals of shrill laughter at the close of the day.

Having carefully picked his way across, halting upon the 'refuge' in the centre, until he was taken in tow by a policeman piloting a covey of females, this peculiarly timid stranger—a fine athletic young fellow, who looked the very man to enjoy a wild chaos of horses' noses and hoofs—solemnly stalked along Piccadilly for about a third of a mile, then re-crossed with equal precision, and presently found himself at the spot whence he had before started. As a fact, he did not know where he was going, and only as much as a semi-drunken man does of what he was doing. He was walking about in London; and to safely walk about in London with half one's wits asleep, requires the other half to be very wide awake indeed. Hence all this circumlocution on the part of our wool-gatherer.

Finally, he got into an omnibus bound for a North London station, and sat there with a faint smile on his face, elicited by the relief of having at last reached a place where it was safe to sit down.

This was how Barty Allerton took the news of his success—a success which to him meant almost everything the world could give.

He was young, strong, handsome, clever; he longed to be in the thick of the battle-fray of life; to wring from it not only its rewards and prizes, but its experience, its deep draughts of knowledge, its stores of strange and mystic wisdom. There was so



much to be seen and done—there were such innumerable paths to be trodden—such hundreds of worlds to conquer, if only he could be up and at them!

Hitherto he had made his mark on every little by-way he had passed along; he had been head boy of the grammar school, and medallist of the public school; he had won an Oxford scholarship, and taken an Oxford degree. Yet, with it all, his future was not clear before him.

This may seem strange; but somehow such strange things do happen.

All goes along well in life up to a certain point; and then comes a deadlock.

Perhaps there is no opening? Perhaps when the opening comes, there is not money to take advantage of it? Perhaps there is no family influence? Perhaps the talents which have carried all before them, when 'all' meant laurels won by dint of concentrated resolution and steadfast application in a certain and limited groove, fail to be negotiable when brought into the great market of the world?

Be that as it may, Barty Allerton had left the university, and knew not whither he was bound. He was poor, and work he must. Nay, he loved work for its own sake; but just when it was absolutely necessary to be earning his own livelihood, he had realised with surprise that there was nothing for him to do.

Then, all at once, came his opportunity, and that at the precise moment when the want of fortune, the want of influence, the want of a projectile in any shape was beginning to make itself most keenly felt. Of late everybody who came to his father's house had said, 'Why don't you try for this?' or 'Why don't you go in for that?' But when inquiries had been made anent the suggestion, it had been pretty sure to turn out that the business or profession either necessitated some specific education which he had not got, or that the knowledge he had would be thrown away.

Occasionally there had been an ominous hint let fall. He had been asked how old he was. Three-and-twenty is not a great age; but our young man was perfectly aware that his Job's comforters knew what they were talking about, when they shook their heads over it, and wondered whether or not he were 'past the age.' In these days the bough has to be bent in the given direction so very soon.

So that there were plenty of people found to prophesy that in spite of Barty Allerton's double row of school prizes, his Oxford

scholarship and Oxford degree, he would find himself out in the cold one of these days if he did not get something to do pretty sharp. He 'did not mean to be a parson'? He 'detested medicine'? He 'shied at the bar'? Pray, what did he want? If he had thought sooner about the army—but after all, it would have been rather a 'come down' for the wonderful scion of the Allerton family (and here it must be owned the gossips were somewhat inclined to curl their lips) to have been gazetted into a regiment of the line, and thenceforth vanish from the paths of scholarship.

'What on earth—Barty Allerton still hanging on at home? Got nothing to do yet?' one would say to the other—and eyebrows had begun to be raised, and shoulders shrugged. There had even been a terrible whisper in the air. 'Hasn't that young Allerton been somewhat over-rated, eh? Did such wonders at school! Supported himself at college! And now—eh?' And if the speakers chanced to have sons of their own, it is conceivable that a secret and involuntary joy occasionally entered into the conversation at this juncture, when it was remembered how Barty's parents had gloried in the prowess of their first-born, believing that he had no equal in all the length and breadth of the land.

It was, I think, an intuitive perception of this which, as much as anything else, made the young man's head swim and his pulses throb, as he walked away from Burlington House with the words 'Barton Manningham Allerton' ringing in his ears.

Not merely had he won his laurels—he had escaped from the edge of a precipice. He had vindicated himself. There would no longer be the half-smile he had been accustomed to see accompany the greeting, 'Hullo, Barty, you still about! Got nothing to do yet, eh?' He would no longer have to reply vaguely, as he had got into the habit of doing, that he had 'heard of something' and was 'making inquiries.' He would now face his tormentors on every side.

He would take care to be met and interrogated. Then it would be, in answer to the old question, 'Oh yes, I shall be off to the East directly. I have come out first in the Ceylon Civil Examination.' How people would stare!

The poor lad was not vain. In prosperity he had been modest enough. But he had been so badgered and baited; he had so dreaded the inevitable formula, and felt so keenly the truth of each well-meant hint, as well as of each innuendo that he was really to be pardoned if he did, in the first flush of victory, long to turn the tables.

Living in a small country town, where reserve on the part of any inhabitant is neither expected nor possible, he had often felt as if he and his affairs were common talk—as indeed to a certain extent they were. He thought he would rather like to be common talk now.

And then what joy, what rapture, would there not be in the poor over-stocked home! For some weeks everyone had been on the tiptoe of expectation there. It had been ‘Any news, Barty?’ every morning and evening, after he had strolled to the garden gate, about the time the postman went by. When he had taken to running up to town, and haunting the precincts of Burlington House, there had been the same ordeal to face on his return about six o’clock. He had been irritated, and had returned many a cross answer. Why could they not let him alone?

But it all added up in the sum total of his present bliss. Kitty would be at the gate looking for him. Eva, who had a reserved disposition more akin to his own, and who in consequence understood and respected his reticence at this trying episode, would be watching from some retreat, in order to form her own conclusions from his step and air—(he had caught a glimpse of her dress behind the thick stem of the ilex tree more than once of late, and guessed why it vanished on his approach)—while his mother’s voice would hail him from a window; and he would see his old father stop clipping the laurels and look round—at this point Barty felt a sensation he hardly knew how to deal with. He almost wished the great moment were over!

Strange to tell, everything fell out exactly as depicted. How rarely this happens, we all know; but it did occur in the present case. Our young man caught his train down from town, and stepped out on the well-known platform, and the station-master nodded to him—a little too familiarly, he thought. Smiles did not know that Barty had come out ‘first’ in the list of the ‘Ceylon Civil.’

As he walked homeward, he almost wondered that he was not accosted and congratulated—then caught himself up, and hugged his secret to his heart. Outwardly, he looked so stern and uncommunicative, that one or two whom he passed on the way saluted him with a glance half interrogative, half sympathetic, not feeling quite sure that something had not come to pass the wrong way. Then, far ahead, he caught sight of Kitty’s peeping face. Should he wave to her, shake his stick, or his hat, or his handkerchief? She would understand such a signal, and either dart forward to make assurance sure, or backward to spread the

good news like wildfire. A curious shyness held him back from making the signal.

A pair of dogs fought in the road in front of him, and he dallied to watch which had the best of it.

'Poor Barty! As usual, he has heard nothing!' said Kitty to herself.

Then, as the highway was fairly empty, she strolled forward to meet her brother, with an air of studied unconcern; for taught by Eva, she was learning not to intrude upon his anxiety.

'Come down by the three-ten train, Barty?'

'Yes. Just managed to catch it.'

'There was nothing to keep you in town till the later train, I suppose?'

'Nothing.' Barty patted the winning dog—his own—and looked away from her.

'I suppose the names will be out *some* day, Barty?' The girl could not resist a wistful sigh. 'It can't go on for ever, you know.'

Barty laughed nervously.

The laugh had an unnatural sound, and in an instant her quick ear detected a new emotion behind it. 'You—you *have* heard something?' she cried, with a breathless suspicion. 'I know you have! Oh, Barty, is it all over? And you have lost? Well, never mind, Barty; you did your best, and there are other things to try for, and you are sure to get something. Father says you must begin sooner another time, that's all. You did not give yourself time enough; take more time——'

'I sha'n't have the time to take.' Her loquacity made things all at once easier. 'I shall have precious little time for anything now,' he went on, his eyes beginning to sparkle. 'It will pretty well take up all my time getting ready my outfit.'

'What?'

'My outfit for the East. Hush!' as her lips parted for a scream. 'Hush!' cried her brother, seizing her arm. 'Yes, that's about it! It is indeed. I'm not joking. And "First," too, Kitty,' in a husky whisper. '*First*, by Jove! I can hardly yet believe it, myself; but it's true. Stop a moment here, and I'll tell you how I saw'—detaining her outside the holly hedge which bounded his parents' small domain, and narrating the circumstances already known to our readers. 'By Jove! I hardly know where I am, or what I am doing! And I dare say I ought to have rushed home long ago, and told you all; but somehow I

couldn't,' he summed up in conclusion, 'I felt so queer and sort of dazed, you know.'

'But, oh! let us come quick and tell now!' cried Kitty, mad with excitement. 'There's Eva, watching from behind the ilex tree. Oh, Eva, Eva!' running forward. 'Eva, what *do* you think? It's first! *First*, Eva! Oh, there's mother! Mother, Hurrah! Hooray! Barty's first, mother! The names are out to-day. Father, do you hear, father?' calling loudly, and in a few moments they were all running from every quarter, and Barty was the aim, the object, the centre, the apex of the crowd.

Happy? He *was* happy. In the first great shock of joy, he had been unable to realise his own sensations; but the homely outcry, the gleeful vociferations, the questions, comments, and conjectures which now whirled through the air on every side, speedily dissipated all remaining sense of unreality, and he was able to talk and laugh with any one.

A glorious time for Barty now followed.

Within a few days, every one in and around the village of Summerton had learned the fact of his success; had heard the number of candidates (trebled in Mrs. Allerton's imagination) over whom he had triumphed; and the whole neighbourhood had, with characteristic pliability, shaken hands with and proudly appropriated to itself the boy over whom so many wise heads had recently been shaken.

Barty had more invitations than he knew what to do with. All at once he must lunch or dine at every house within reach. No party was complete without him. During the autumn months he had been glad enough to fill the place of a guest who had failed, or had willingly made a fourteenth at the last moment, to avoid the dreaded number at a dinner table. 'Get Barty Allerton, if you can't think of any one better!' had passed between host and hostess many a time when projecting an entertainment. Now, parties were got up for Barty—literally gathered together for his especial benefit!

As for the letters and telegrams, they poured in from every quarter of the kingdom. Day after day his mother, and Kitty, and Eva sat delightedly answering and thanking; while his father brushed up his old suits, bought a new umbrella, had his hair cut, and, taking his son by the arm, strutted off to look up half-forgotten cronies of former times, and to show himself at a club which now hardly knew his face.

And in spite of fits of bashfulness and the occasional necessity

for an imploring 'Oh, I say, I wish you wouldn't!' when the family exuberance overstepped all bounds, Barty enjoyed it all.

It would have palled upon him in time, no doubt. He could not long have endured the endless reiteration of the same theme, with the disconcerting accompaniment of maternal inaccuracy and exaggeration; but, knowing as he did that the time was short (for he received almost immediately his orders for an early departure), he generously overlooked small drawbacks, and neither permitted himself open remonstrance, nor gave way to twinges of secret annoyance.

Eva, who knew her brother best, affirmed that Barty was an angel during this trying epoch; while more critical folks went so far as to allow that young Allerton bore himself well, with a frankly acknowledged, yet withal modest pleasure in his own success, which disarmed all beholders.

In the bustle of preparation and the earnest endeavour to save the scanty family purse, Barty also shone. He would not have one-half the articles his parents wanted. He hastened from one spot to another, getting estimates and lists, doing his own shopping, and doing it as cheaply as he could. He haunted the Army and Navy Stores. One could hardly go there, morning, noon, or night, without seeing Barty Allerton's face on one or other of the landings, or encountering him in the lift. He carried parcels home under his arm. At the station he would find others awaiting him. At last it became a daily habit for one or more of the younger brothers or sisters to meet the train by which he was expected, in order to assist him with his freight.

'It is just as if one of us were going to be married,' quoth Kitty, with the imagination of eighteen.

Barty was to sail on the 10th of January, so all this activity was in full swing during the Christmas week.

It was the merriest Christmas his old home had ever known. If now and again a tender sigh did escape the breasts of either parent, if one or other would occasionally steal a pensive glance at the joyous youthful band, wondering if the hard lessons they had learnt must needs be taught these dear ones also, at any rate no selfish regrets or fears were ever suffered to mar Barty's hour of triumph.

'Yes, he *may* not come back for eight or ten years,' quoth Mrs. Allerton, turning her face to smile at her boy, and wishing the neighbours who had dropped in would not gaze at Barty with so solemn an air; 'but there is quite a chance he may run over in



five, and five years soon pass. Amy will be a big girl by that time, to be sure, and Carrie and Florrie too. And he will hardly know Joey and the baby, I dare say.' And she ran on in a cheerful strain, which made even Barty think his mother took the parting easily. 'She has such a lot to think of,' he nodded to himself.

For at the present time Joey and the baby, to say nothing of the other innumerable little ones, were very continually and somewhat aggressively *en évidence*. It seemed to Barty, after being at other houses, as if they really need not swarm into every room, and passage, and landing as they did; as if there need not invariably be such a bobbing of small heads from every window whenever he turned in at his own gate. In bitter moments, whereof he would not now willingly think, he had even told himself that these were so many dead weights dragging him down, and that but for them a career would have opened for him easily enough long before. Even now, in his day of prosperity, he could not but feel a faint self-gratulation that the irrepressible brood would, according to his mother, be grown quite out of memory ere he saw them again. From a distance he would feel quite affectionate towards Amy, Carrie, Florrie, Tottie, and the four little boys who wound up the 'baker's dozen,' but he had much ado to bear and forbear with them under present conditions.

All, however, went smoothly; and ten days before Barty sailed for the East he received a summons which he had been somewhat surprised at not getting before. Sir Barton Allerton, his father's cousin, and the head of the family, had indeed scrawled a rapid note—a great thing for him to do—congratulating and enclosing a cheque; but though the expressions contained in the former were cordial and the face of the latter satisfactory, there had been no invitation to pay a farewell visit to North Allerton Manor.

'No doubt he thinks you have no time to go,' suggested Barty's mother, comfortably. She was fingering the cheque as she spoke. 'And, of course, it is a long journey to take. Still, I thought they would have asked you.'

Barty had thought so too. He had felt a momentary chill; but then so many people had asked him, and he was being so much thought of and sought after, and was so entirely the hero of the hour, that the feeling had passed; and he had forgotten all about the matter, when a second note from the manor contained an invitation coupled with a tempting programme. A ball in the house, tableaux in the neighbourhood, a hunt breakfast, and



several minor festivities were about to take place, and if Barty could spare time to run north and say 'Good-bye,' he would come in for them all. 'As we shall not see anything of you for so long a time to come, we hope you will manage to give us a few days,' concluded Lady Allerton, feeling that she was very warm and gracious in so wording her invitation; and 'Really she writes uncommonly kindly!' cried Barty's mother on receiving it.

There was no question about Barty's going. He had nearly completed his arrangements; all his orders had been given; and he had been actually considering what he should do with the clear space in front, when the summons came. He dashed up to town, and returned bearing in one hand his new portmanteau, in the other his bag. By good luck, the initials 'B. M. A.' had been put on each only the day before.

How delightful it was to use some of the new articles of the 'trousseau,' as Kitty called it! He had had several little presents too; new sleeve-links; a diamond stud; a pair of ivory brushes, with his monogram on the back; a case of razors—in short, quite a small paraphernalia, of which a few weeks previously he would have been utterly devoid. His boots and shoes were all new and fashionable; he thought he would take them all. Not that he would need so many, but then he might; and, at any rate, the servants would see them about in his room. With his sticks he strapped in his new silver-mounted umbrella. And when he stepped forward to take his railway ticket he was equipped in a long drab overcoat of the latest pattern, had on his head a regulation travelling hat, held a pair of dogskin gloves in his hand, and was altogether a very well turned-out, trim, smart-looking fellow indeed.

The excitement, the fun of the whole thing, made his eyes sparkle and his cheeks glow. He had wrested all this from Fortune; and Fortune, he felt, now bowed before him. This visit to his relations was the coping-stone to all that had transpired before. The flattery and jocosity of his own small world was beginning to stale upon his senses; he had experienced a longing to get away for a breathing space before the final wrench came; and to be going to a place where he was not to be A 1., and yet where he would, of course, be of *some* importance (so he put it modestly to himself), was just the right thing.

All the way down he chatted good-humouredly with his fellow-travellers. They did not know, he felt, what a great man they were conversing with. *He* would not tell them—not he! He was pleased to think how easy, and friendly, and unconstrained he was.

When he jumped into Sir Barton's dogcart after leaving the train, he opened fire on the old coachman who chanced to drive him up, and whom he had known from boyhood, with a host of questions anent the family affairs, involuntarily considering that it would be pleasant for old Jenkins to see that he was still as much interested in these as formerly. Jenkins, of course, knew that he was going out to the East directly?

Jenkins had heard so, and hoped Master Barty would not find it very hot.

Barty laughed, and by-and-by let himself be drawn out, being, in truth, so full of this one subject, that it was almost impossible for him to stick long to any other.

Then he was shown into a drawing-room full of people, and his reception there was all he could have desired; for his host came forward with a hearty 'Hullo, Barty, my boy. Well done, old fellow! Exams. seem to agree with you, eh?' accompanied by a slap on the back, and a roar of jovial congratulatory laughter; and next he was conducted up to her ladyship, who made haste to pour forth a pretty speech, and remark, as her husband had done, on his good looks, 'in spite of those *dreadful cruel examinations*,' and as he turned away he heard his prowess recounted for the benefit of the surrounding ladies, who with one accord turned their heads his way and exclaimed, 'How interesting!'

Five o'clock tea was going on, and a group of young people, most of them cousins of some sort or other, were eating and drinking and chattering round the teacups, which were arranged on small tables at the far end of the room. Some of the girls were pretty; some of the men were handsome; and all were, or seemed, good-natured. In particular Walter, his cousin Walter, the eldest of the party, was very good-natured. Walter was not strong enough, he averred, to be any good in the world himself. He had such a beastly bad head, and was so beastly nervous, he was sure he should never get through a beastly exam.; he could only fall down and worship any fellow who did. Hadn't Barty had an awful time of it? Could he sleep at nights? Could he eat his meals?

Barty rather wondered why everybody laughed at this. Walter was sitting on the edge of a chair eating muffins; he did not know what he had said that was funny, he alleged; and reached forward his hand for another quarter of a muffin as he spoke.

'Well, Reggie got through his exam. well enough,' said another brother. 'Of course, he did not come out first, as Barty has.'

'Rather not. It was the narrowest squeak,' from Walter.

'At any rate, he got through. Barty, how long is it since you saw Reggie? He is here, you know. Here, on leave, and we shan't get rid of him for another month. It seems to me that fellow is always on leave; and when he isn't, he is in splendid quarters. At York, you know. The most run after quarters in England. Ah, here he comes!' and Barty had another cheery greeting from another friendly voice, and thought he had never before done justice to the claims of Captain Reginald Allerton, the gayest, smartest, most notable 'all round' man of the Allerton family.

In short, the boy's cup was full, and his heart overflowed with gratitude and affection towards everybody.

With what pleasure he made his evening toilet! All his little accoutrements had been carefully laid out, and he derived fresh satisfaction from each new article worn for the first time. He had gone off rather early to dress, and, as nothing went amiss, was down before any one else, and half inclined to back out of the great lamp-lit drawing-room, and retreat upstairs again to wait the second summons of the gong, when he was conscious of a rustle of skirts behind him.

One of his new friends of the tea-table, no doubt? That was all right. The girls had all been as 'jolly' to him as the men, and when the little party had broken up, he had been so entirely at ease with them all that he turned round with a sensation of relief, prepared to take up the ball and carry it on where it had been left off.

The next moment he had his breath taken away! Who was this?

He knew indeed that there were more people in the house than he had yet seen. He had heard allusions made to one and another, inquiries and asides which had reference to guests not present, but he had set down these absentees in his own mind as older folks, contemporaries of Sir Barton and Lady Allerton, people who had to rest in the afternoon and take care of themselves; and notably a certain 'Lady Evelyn' of whom he had heard Captain Allerton remark that she had gone to lie down, and was having her tea sent upstairs, he had dismissed from his imagination as an absolutely certain member of the feeble contingent.

Several queries regarding this Lady Evelyn had been made upon the entrance of Reggie. It appeared that he had been driving her in his phaeton, and was thus the latest authority; and

Barty had for a moment vaguely felt that it was an instance of good nature on the part of the dashing soldier to tool about an old woman who had to go and lie down after her drive.

He understood Captain Allerton's good nature now.

For he saw before him the lovely charming face of a girl in the first flush of youth, and in the involuntary halt and hesitation of her light step which betrayed that he was as much a stranger to her as she to him, he discerned the Lady Evelyn whom he had pictured so different.

Was it the stupidity of so egregious an error which made him now thrill to his finger-tips? Of course. One does not like to have made a fool of oneself, even in secret. It is enough to make one feel confused and uncomfortable. Barty was struggling to recover self-possession when Fate helped him.

Two children rushed tumultuously into the room; then stopped short, staring; and the whole quartette were so obviously at a deadlock that the case was desperate; the case indeed was so desperate that the little boy, a gallant little fellow of seven, rose to the occasion.

'How do you do, sir?' said he, manfully holding out his hand, and stepping up to Barty. 'I know who you are. Cissy doesn't,' casting a withering glance at her, 'but then, you see, she's younger. She doesn't know much. You are the gentleman who won the medal—wasn't that it? We were talking about you in the nursery. Your name is Barton Manningham Allerton. I wish mine was. And, I say, have you brought the medal with you? Let Cissy and me see it,' eagerly pressing closer. 'Cissy, shake hands. We're Percival and Cissy Manningham, and we're stopping here like you—and——'

'And will you present me to that lady also?' said Barty, colouring very much, but feeling it must be done; for the young lady, who was even younger than himself, was looking at him with a shy interest which betokened her approachable. 'You are quite right about me, but——' and he tried to talk easily, and to look politely and indifferently interrogative.

'Oh, that's Lady Evelyn,' replied the little boy, promptly. 'I say, I don't know your other name,' to her. 'We always call you Lady Evelyn, but you can tell him the rest of it, if you like,' with a patronising wave of the hand. 'Hi, Cissy, there's the second gong going to be sounded,' and away the two dashed to a new excitement.

Ah, well! it ill behoves a third person to speak of the brief quarter of an hour which followed.

Only fifteen minutes! And in fifteen minutes the mischief was done. How it came about, Barty Allerton never knew, although every tone and movement in that little trivial scene became burnt into his memory, branded as it were with a hot iron, presently; but at the moment he was only conscious of a confused sensation of delight, and—all was over.

The boy within him was a boy no longer. He had tasted of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and his head swam with the intoxicating draught.

And what was it all? Wherein lay the spell?

This was pretty much all that passed. 'You arrived when I was out this afternoon?' in feminine accents.

'I believe so. I came about five o'clock.'

'You are going to stay for the ball?'

'Yes; I believe so. I can only stay a few days.'

'I know; you are going to Ceylon. What day do you sail?'

A few explanations. Then, shyly, Lady Evelyn: 'We heard of your great success. Sir Barton and Lady Allerton were so pleased. We drank your health at dinner. I was here the day the news came. How pleased you must have been; and your parents, and all. But I suppose they are—are rather unhappy about—about your going?'

Barty smiled.

'I had once a brother who went to Ceylon,' Lady Evelyn's tone lowered; he looked at her and saw her eyes were glistening. 'He was glad to go, but for us it was dreadful.'

Barty smiled no more.

'I am so sorry for your father and mother,' murmured she, softly.

'Thank you. Oh, I—I don't think they mind, you know,' Barty hastened to re-assure her. 'There are such a lot of us, don't you know. I'm only one of thirteen. They have twelve left,' and in spite of himself a faint bitterness was perceptible in the young man's tone. He was saying aloud what he had often told himself.

Lady Evelyn made no reply.

'Is—what part of Ceylon is your brother in?' inquired Barty, gazing at her with a new hope. What if he should meet the brother? Make friends with the brother? Do the brother a good turn?

'He died there a few months after he went out.'

In the silence which followed, the quick short breathing of

each was distinctly audible. They might have known each other all their lives; such a strange invisible bond had sprung up on the instant between them.

Not a word did Barty say. Instead, he let his eyes rest with one long devouring gaze upon the tenderly drooping face before him, and at length lifting her eyes, she met his.

For an instant she felt inclined to turn away; to move to another part of the room; have no more such confidences and such results; but somehow she—did not. She just stood still, and Barty stood beside her.

But womanlike, Evelyn was the first to recover herself. 'It was not kind of me to say that,' she murmured gently. 'It was very thoughtless, just when you are going out, and have come to say 'Good-bye' and all. I don't know how I *could*! But it all came back to me. He was so delighted about going, too,' in broken sentences—and he was—was so very like you. . . . I thought of him the moment I saw you. . . . Do you mind my saying that? He was my favourite brother; we were just *everything* to each other. Of course I forget him sometimes, but when I think of him'—and the lovely lips trembled and the voice sank away. She held out her hand; neither he nor she quite knew why, but Barty took it, and held it fast.

'Forgive me,' she whispered; and the next moment hurriedly burst from him, her eyes full of tears, her veins tingling.

This was the story of the *mauvais quart d'heure* Barty Allerton once passed through, and which left its deeply engraven traces on all his after life.

When the other people came in, he did not feel fit to talk to them, or to any one. He wanted to be let alone—to think. Mechanically he took up a book, and feigned absorption in it; and luckily the guests who now came trooping in had a great deal to say to each other, and were full of some scheme which had just been started, and about which he as yet knew nothing; so that he was permitted to bury himself ostensibly in his reading, in reality in a delicious dream. The hand which had been so honoured slightly trembled.

Lady Evelyn did not re-appear till after dinner was announced. By that time Barty had begun to watch for her, and listen for her. His heart gave a great throb as she came in, half hiding, behind an ample dowager, whose skirts stretched far and wide; and he fancied she kept away from him, and manœuvred to be out of his sight during the long stately meal.



But what did that signify? Had she not said he was like her brother—her favourite brother—the brother who was ‘just *everything*’ to her?

All through the meal he heard the tender thrill with which the acknowledgment was made; as he gazed blindly in front of him, he saw the drooping eyelids, the flushed cheek, the tremulous lip; and when others laughed and bantered gaily, he never once heard the sound of *her* laugh; and when he now and again could steal a glimpse down the board, he never saw *her* brows lit up with merriment.

Indeed, she was once reproached openly for her pensive mood, and Barty, hearing the charge, caught his breath, but was too far off to note the effect it produced; indeed the glittering repast to which he had looked forward, and which was to others a gay mirthful feast, was to him a period of feverish suspense, almost maddening in its lengthy duration.

In the end he had a trifling reward. Lady Evelyn Sauterne, passing by Barty Allerton’s chair, dropped her fan, and received it again from his hands, and her low-toned ‘Thank you’ lingered with him and supported him until release came, and he had once more the burning hope of getting near her, looking, listening, gathering up the humblest crumbs of notice that fell his way.

He sprang up as though a chain had snapped when the gentlemen rose to rejoin the ladies after dinner. But oh, cruel disappointment! Lady Evelyn was nowhere visible when he entered the drawing-room. Had she vanished already? Was he to see her no more that night? Perhaps she was not strong? She had had to rest after her drive in the afternoon, he remembered.

‘Mr. Allerton, will you let me show you these photographs? They may interest you as you are going to the East.’

A few minutes before Evelyn had excused herself from joining in the round game which was being set on foot, on the plea that she wished to show her collection of Eastern photographs to Mr. Allerton, who was likely to be interested in them.

This had been assented to immediately. ‘She is always mad about the East, you know,’ the girls whispered to each other. ‘Ever since her brother died there.’

‘Hum, ah!’ said Sir Barton, when he came in, ‘showing poor Ralph’s photographs, is she? Poor girl! Barty knows to be careful, does he? He’ll not say anything to hurt her feelings?’ eyeing the pair from a distance. ‘Oh, I should let them alone,’



in answer to a suggestion from his wife. 'They seem getting on all right, and if it's any pleasure to her—I thought she seemed mopish at dinner—it was *that* she was thinking of, no doubt; she has never got over poor Ralph's death. It will do her good to be left to Barty for a bit, as she seems to have taken a fancy to him.'

It never occurred to Sir Barton to reflect that there was one to whom such intercourse might not 'do good.' He and his were rather in awe of Lady Evelyn, a maiden of high degree, with whom a family alliance was desirable, but who was somewhat difficult of management. 'A mettlesome filly, a thoroughbred in every fibre!' the old man termed her; and he was wont to caution young and old who had anything to do with Lady Evelyn to beware of 'rubbing her up the wrong way.'

Eighteen months previously the young girl had endured her first great sorrow, and this was the first occasion on which she had visited North Allerton Manor since; wherefore everything was to be done to soothe and cheer her spirits, and woe betide any unfortunate speaker who in the opinion of host or hostess made an ill-timed allusion or flippant jest.

Captain Allerton said the governor was absurd upon the point. Really they could not all be expected to remember that every word beginning with a C might have reference to Ceylon. And as for Evelyn Sauterne, she was a nice enough girl, and pretty, and all that, but he did wish the governor would not make such a confounded fuss about her.

Even when out of Sir Barton's sight, the young man avowed that he felt hot and cold when conversation would turn upon 'spicy breezes,' and that sort of thing. It had not been his doing that he had driven Lady Evelyn in the phaeton, though he had acquiesced in the arrangement. He admired the young lady; her appearance, her rank, her fortune, were all that he could desire, *ergo*, he meant to 'go in' for her, in his own phrase; but he discerned in the sudden and complete prostration of Barty Allerton an excellent means of escape from a certain amount of thralldom.

Evelyn was so young, so serious, so terribly in earnest about everything. It was a bore to have to take life, even for the time being, as she took it.

She would improve; as his wife she would learn that she must do as others did, and feel as they felt; but at present he was as well aware as his father could be that he must bend to the humour of his fair one, not expect her to bend to his. This, we say, was a bore.

Now it would be just the thing if this young cadet, who had obviously been struck all of a heap at first sight, would take Lady Evelyn off his hands every now and then, and leave him free to have his jokes with gayer folks. He wanted to laugh and chaff, and keep everybody in a roar. That was his *rôle*. It irked him to be forced to moon in a corner, paying his homage to a chit of a girl who, he half suspected, would as soon have been alone; especially when in the distance he could hear echoes of fun into which he could readily have entered. Several of the girls were much better sport than Evelyn Sauterne; much more amusing companions, easier to get on with; and if he might only relax with them at intervals, he would be ready to pursue his courtship in the main.

Accordingly, Captain Allerton warmly seconded his father's notions on the subject. 'As you say, sir, Barty is the very man for her. Poor girl! She can't help it, and it's awfully creditable to her and all that, to be so tender-hearted; but I'm not particularly good at the serious dodge myself. Now, if she gets it all out with Barty, and talks away to him about Ralph's dying, and exhibits his tomb (nice cheerful subject for Barty, ain't it? especially at the present moment), she'll be ready for me when she's in what the poets call the "lighter vein."'

'Eh? Oh, yes, of course,' assented Sir Barton. 'Let her talk to Barty by all means. It won't matter on his account, I suppose,' doubtfully. 'There's no time for anything to happen; he sails on Friday week. And, besides, he's too full of himself; oh, let her talk to Barty by all means.'

We have no space to dwell on the brief Elysium which ensued. To our poor boy it was divided into two periods, those in which he was in the presence of Lady Evelyn, and those in which he was not. Apart from her he was feverish, restless, filled with a wild tumult of hopes and fears, conscious only of one passionate longing to be again by her side; when there he was held fast as though by a spell, soothed, charmed, and pacified, past and future forgotten, living only in the present.

Other people looked placidly on. 'Don't you think it is rather a shame?' one would say occasionally. But the answer was nearly sure to be after this fashion, 'Pooh! he's but a boy. It's all in the day's work with him. He may as well have his little flirtation, poor fellow, if he enjoys it, considering how soon it will be over. It is only making the days pass.'

Making the days pass! Oh, the irony of the phrase if they had but known! The days that were flying, melting, vanishing,

as it was! The days that were to be for ever beheld in the retrospect as beneath a burning magnifying glass! The days that found this poor infatuated fool madly pursuing one end and aim, deaf and blind to all besides,—and that left him as mad, as deaf, as blind as before.

By day he moved and walked, rode and drove by Evelyn's side. At night he hung on her skirts, gazed upon her when she sang, claimed her as his partner in the dance.

Captain Allerton laughed and looked on. He had no fear; was not Barty to sail on Friday?

The same reflection quieted his father and contented his mother. They all wished Barty well. It would be something for him to know that the future bride of his cousin was his very good friend, when by-and-by Reggie's marriage should be announced. As for Evelyn? Of course it was only because of the real or fancied resemblance to her lost brother that she permitted the open and obvious worship, the adoration which made every one smile; for although to her no one smiled, or hinted, she could hardly help knowing what they all thought.

The days waned.

'I say, old fellow, you'll go off in a halo of glory,' exclaimed Sir Barton's jolly voice. 'It's a glorious idea that of yours, taking yourself off in the middle of the ball. Quite romantic, by Jove! Just when the dancing is at its height, dresses flying, music clashing, hey! presto! begone! and you are seen no more! Away you sail for the East, leaving all of us humdrum folks *in statu quo*! That's what you young fellows like. Going off with a dash and a splash. Puts some spirit into the thing, hey?'

'I hope you will have everything packed before the ball begins, Barty,' said Lady Allerton. 'You won't mind my saying so, but the truth is, your room will have another occupant after the ball. Major Mansbridge is to sleep here—he is to dress in Reggie's room—and his things will be taken along to yours after you are gone.'

'It shall be ready for him, cousin Frances.' Lady Allerton's name was Frances.

'You know how glad we should have been to keep you longer, Barty.'

'Thank you, I know.'

'But as you *have* to go——'

Barty rose up.

'I think if you *don't* mind—it would simplify matters for the

housemaids if you would see to your things being packed *now*,' hinted the hostess. 'Thomas or William will do the actual work, but young men are particular; you would like to know where each thing is, particularly with a long voyage before you and only one night at home.'

His face was turned from her, his eyes were fastened on the door.

'Ah, here you come,' exclaimed the speaker gaily, as it opened. 'Evelyn, my dear, I want you for a moment. Come with me——'

'No,' said a deep hoarse voice beside her, 'come with *me*. Lady Evelyn, *please*, Lady Evelyn—for the last time—come—with me.' There was no mistaking the impassioned bitterness of the prayer, the significance of 'for the last time.'

The girl's face crimsoned. 'You want to show me something? Oh, certainly,' she murmured as lightly as she could. 'Lady Allerton will, I know, excuse a—a traveller,' faintly. 'If I can be of any use,' but as she spoke a gay party burst in, and even Barty saw that the moment was inauspicious.

'Never mind, never mind,' he whispered, hurriedly. 'It was nothing—particular. It will do—any time.' Then in her ear, 'Only let me have *some* time—to-night—between the dances—before I go. You will, won't you? Just a moment, because it is my last day——' she broke from him and rushed out of the room. Happily the room was nearly dark; no one saw. Yet, afterwards, some alleged that they had felt a curious sensation.

Lady Allerton's ball was the best that had taken place in the neighbourhood for years. Not only was it attended by all whom she most desired to welcome, but specially large parties had been assembled for it in the different country seats, and somehow everybody wished to go, and there were no backsliders.

By eleven o'clock dancing was in full swing. The great saloons, the corridors, the galleries and landings were all alive with gaily dressed revellers, and light tread and lighter jest and laughter resounded through the perfumed air. In the eyes of Barty Allerton it was a scene of strange, weird beauty.

He was a good dancer, and had looked eagerly forward to the ball. As Sir Barton said, he had rather pleased himself with the idea of vanishing from the midst of it, when it turned out that he would have to leave by the night train a few hours sooner than was at first supposed,—but now an unutterable heaviness of spirit changed all. Instead of its being merely a joyous frolic to which something of zest was added by his own inner excitement and agitation, it was in his eyes a species of Paradise from which he

was about to be ejected. Many and many a time might those around him thus meet in mirth and jollity; but he?—ah, never again would his feet tread a measure in those gay halls, never more would his ears listen to the clash of sweet music from that gallery, never more would his arms encircle that sparkling form!

He danced, knowing not with whom, unless one and one alone were his partner. When compelled to yield her up, he followed her with his eyes, neglecting all besides, till recalled by others to his duty—and even these by-and-by let him alone.

‘Don’t bully him, poor devil!’ Reggie Allerton was heard to mutter. ‘Let him go hang in peace! I am afraid we have carried this too far, as it is;’ for he had caught a vision of a haggard face and white lips, and it had made him momentarily uncomfortable. When Barty came up to claim Lady Evelyn from Captain Allerton’s arm, he assented hastily, and glanced with something of apprehension into the other’s face. As the pair withdrew, he muttered again to himself, ‘Poor devil!’

‘I ought not to have said all this, but I could not help it.’

Far away behind piles of green in the dim conservatory a boy and a girl—they were little more—were sitting. He was holding her hand; she was weeping.

‘I am going so soon, and perhaps we shall never meet again; I thought I might just *let you know*—nothing more. I don’t want anything from you. You have been—so kind—to me as it is. Now, good-bye.’ He bent over her for a moment. Whether she raised her face to his or not he never knew, but it was not turned aside. He had one kiss. All his life long he vowed he would remind himself he had had that one kiss. It satisfied him.

The next day but one an Eastern cadet sailed for Ceylon.

Whether the life which had seemed all rose colour to Barty Allerton in the first moment of success and anticipation, would have realised his dreams had nothing intervened, it is not for any one to say. He could not with any precision have ascertained even for himself. He might, he probably would, have enjoyed the voyage out; he might and probably would have taken kindly to the life, especially during the first two years, spent as they were in the society of other young men of his own age, all busily employed in learning the different languages which were to be of use, and when not thus engaged, in pastimes and amusements; he might not even have minded the monotony which followed, when he had

been sent off to administer justice in a remote village where lonely days, months, and years glided by almost unrelieved by any variety.

But that one last week in England had changed the aspect of all. As many will understand, it was not so much the reality, as the hot glamour cast over it by the boy's own excited imagination, which played such havoc with his blood. We know how it had all worked out. We can divine the rest.

In lonely mountain tracks, on long solitary expeditions, in the hush of night, in the first gleams of breaking day, he would see it all again—the last scene oftenest. Often and often he woke with the light waltz tune throbbing in his ears. He saw himself passing down the broad staircase, felt the touch of a hand upon his shoulder—(his cousin Reggie's, Reggie had volunteered to see him off)—he heard the gay music striking up afresh, and saw the couples pouring in from gallery and corridor. He wondered where Evelyn was. . . .

Again, he was with Evelyn in the faintly glimmering conservatory. He heard the sobbing, and felt the little hand in his drenched with tears. She gave him the flowers she wore (here he would take them from his bosom and press them to his lips), he poured forth his heart, unchecked, undisturbed, and he kissed her wet cheek. . . .

Sometimes he wondered how an overruling Providence could have dealt so cruelly with him as to have let his fresh-won laurels be thus crushed so quickly and unsparingly; for Barty was a religiously brought-up young man, and believed in God, after a simple straightforward fashion. He had thanked God on his knees for his success on the night which followed the announcement of it; he had desired and still desired to lead a life worthy of a man born to immortality; but in moments of bitterness he would feel that he could have done his duty better had he never met Lady Evelyn Sauterne.

And yet he knew in the depths of his soul that he could not. He had learned—what had he not learned from that one deep draught of pure love? It softened and mellowed every rugged point in his resolute nature; it implanted purer and nobler aspirations within his breast; it pointed to another goal than that of mere worldly success for his ambition; it added years to his youth.

No one in his own home ever knew what made Barty's letters so different from those which it had been expected he would write. Instead of rattling accounts of gaieties, belles, flirtations—or of what was perhaps more in Barty's line, fresh 'scores,' as the result of indomitable energy and hard work—there was a quiet matter-



of-fact sobriety and an underlying earnestness of tone in the details of his daily life, which sometimes caused the narrative to be voted 'slow' by his volatile young brothers and sisters; Barty content with simply doing his duty, and not aiming at brilliancy or distinction, was a new thing.

Those, however, who went to see young Allerton in his novel sphere—he was at a remote station, far away from any city or town, but still he did occasionally have a visitor—those, we say, who now and then looked him up, and partook of his hospitality, were wonderfully charmed with their host, and he made more friends than he had ever done before. He had not been particularly popular in boyhood; he had been too self-engrossed; too keen on pressing forward and upward; too certain that all which was worth the winning in life was to be had, provided fame and fortune were won.

But one and all went away from the solitary little station thinking what a good fellow Barty Allerton was! How awfully kind, and friendly, and unassuming! How anxious to make things pleasant! It was rather rough on him surely to be planted down in such a 'beastly hole'!

Yet no one ever heard a complaint of the 'beastly hole.' Only after a lighthearted traveller had departed, and Barty had seen him off, and watched him riding briskly back to happier hunting-grounds, he would sometimes turn round with a sigh, and think for a moment of the day when he saw his name posted up 'First' on the walls of Burlington House.

Five, six, seven years passed.

A friend arrived one day unexpectedly at the station. He had been there not very long before, and had taken a fancy to Barty, and Barty to him; wherefore the solitary resident rejoiced, made a little feast, brightened up his spirits which were at a low ebb at the moment, and asked for English news.

'I can tell you one piece of English news,' observed his friend, looking somewhat keenly at him, 'that will put a little colour into those thin cheeks of yours, or I am mistaken. I think I'll keep it till after dinner. What have you been doing to yourself? You don't look half as fit as when I was here before—and you were nothing to boast of then.'

'Oh—I—I suppose I have run down a bit,' said Barty, quietly. 'It's the hot weather. And I have been seedy. I shall be all right again by-and-by.'

'You won't, if you stop here much longer,' said his friend, abruptly.



A faint smile on Barty's part; he had got to stop; what was the use of saying more?

'You don't ask for my news,' pursued the speaker. 'I must give it without demand, then. Look here, when I was here last you told me about—some one, you know.'

Barty nodded. He had. In a moment of great and sore hunger for sympathy he had let his secret be drawn from him.

'It's about her,' said his friend, turning round to secure a fresh attitude, and also to face another quarter—not that in which his companion sat. 'I am a great chum of a chum of hers—fact is, I'm going to be married to a girl you never heard of, but who is the bosom friend of Lady Evelyn Sauterne. What do you think this girl of mine said to me the other day? She said, Go and fetch Barty Allerton home. Tell him to pack up his traps and tramp for England. D'ye take me?'

'N—no,' faintly.

'Not? I'll put it plainer then. The Allertons at home can't make anything of that job you wot of. Evelyn Sauterne is her own mistress now, and can do as she pleases, and marry whom she chooses; and she won't have Reggie at any price; says he's a drivelling idiot—or as good as says it. Says there's only one man of the Allerton family she—well you can guess the rest. You know pretty much who the "one man" is; and you can divine what that man had better do . . . Eh?' looking round. '*Eh? Oh, I say! Poor fellow!*' This comes of living alone, you know. I told you you had better go home. And the long and the short of it is I am come to take you. I am not going to let you out of my sight till I see you on the shores of Old England. Couldn't face Muriel if I did. She gave me the tip, and I tell you she got it straight from headquarters. My orders were to find you out, and if you were still of the same mind in regard to Lady Evelyn as when you came out—and of course I knew you were, for hadn't you told me?—I was to take you by the shoulder and say, "Right about face; home by the next steamer!" So now, old chap, pull yourself together; do—there's a good chap! And if we haven't two weddings this spring—'

And they had.

And Barty began to grow young again; and his life was once more all flooded with sunshine; but in the depths of his humble happy heart he never grudged the experience which he was wont to think had taught him all he ever knew.

L. B. WALFORD.

## *Too Many Stars.*

‘**I**T is the stars,’ of old men said,  
 And still astrologers aver  
 The stars control the paths we tread,  
 Our very characters confer.  
 For weal or woe our fates must be  
 Linked to their unrelenting cars.  
 It is the stars. For luckless me,  
 Alas ! it is too many stars !

I’d like a planet of my own,  
 A steadfast planet calm and clear,  
 To tell me what to leave alone  
 And in what course to persevere.  
 Ah, when the truth I’d ascertain,  
 So hopelessly their orbits mix,  
 I think in my bewildered brain  
 There never can be less than six !

If Mercury my spirit fires  
 With art, with eloquence or song,  
 Or Jupiter my will inspires  
 With purpose and ambition strong,  
 Then darts the Moon a chilling beam—  
 The cadent Moon, my deadly foe—  
 Or Saturn, with his evil gleam,  
 Enters my House to work me woe.

All peaceful moments to disperse  
That one mild planet seeks to sway,  
They come, my stellar arbiters,  
• Some new 'conjunction' to display.  
My fate each hastens to decide ;  
They scent the battle from afar :  
I'm sure not one is satisfied.  
I wish I had a *single* star !

Oh, if the stars would smoothly run,  
And still among themselves agree,  
Their peaceful aim a common one,  
How different the world would be !  
Man with a single star may cope—  
A Venus, Mercury, or Mars—  
But luckless is the horoscope  
Determined by too many stars !

MAY KENDALL.

## *The Topography of Humphry Clinker.*

‘NO one will contend,’ says Henry Fielding in the Preface to one of his sister’s books, ‘that the epistolary Style is in general the most proper to a Novelist, or that [and here he was plainly thinking of a certain work called *Pamela*] it hath been used by the best Writers of this Kind.’ The former part of the proposition is undeniable, but however true the latter may have been when Fielding wrote in 1747, it is scarcely as true now. Even if we omit for the moment all consideration of modern examples, *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison*—both of them novels told in, letters, and in one of which Richardson certainly vindicated his claim to rank among the ‘best Writers’—followed *Pamela* before Fielding’s death. Half-a-dozen years after that event, another and a greater than Richardson adopted the same medium for a masterpiece, and the sub-title of Rousseau’s *Nouvelle Héloïse* is *Lettres de deux Amants, habitants d’une petite ville au pied des Alpes*. Still later, in 1771, the ‘epistolary Style’ was chosen, for his final fiction, by one of Fielding’s own countrymen; and in the success of the enterprise, the fact that it was achieved in what Mrs. Barbauld correctly calls ‘the most natural and the least probable way of telling a story,’ has fallen out of sight. To think of *Grandison* or *Clarissa* is to remember that the prolixity of those prolix performances is increased by the form; but in Smollett’s *Expedition of Humphry Clinker* the form is scarcely felt as an objection, certainly not as an obstruction. It is true, also, that between Smollett’s last and best book and the books of the other authors mentioned there are some not unimportant differences. One of these lies in the circumstance that his communications are never replied to,—a detail which, however exasperating in a practical correspondence, obviates in a novel much of the tiresome repetition usually charged against epistolary narrative; another difference is that there is no serious approach to anything like a sequent story in

the detached recollections of travel recorded by the characters in *Humphry Clinker*. Entertaining in themselves, those characters in their progress encounter other characters who are equally entertaining, and an apology for a conclusion is obtained by the conventional cluster of marriages at the end; but as far as the intrigue itself is concerned, the book would have been equally amusing if Tabitha Bramble had never become Mrs. Lismahago, or if Winifred Jenkins, in her 'plain pea-green tabby sack, Runnela cap, ruff toupee and side-curls,' had declined to bestow herself upon the fortunate foundling who gives his name to the volumes, although (to quote a contemporary critic) he 'makes almost as inconsiderable a figure in the work as the dog does in the history of Tobit.'

But it is not our present intention to hunt old trails with a new 'appreciation' of the mis-named *Expedition of Humphry Clinker*. Matthew Bramble and Obadiah Lismahago, the squire's sister and her Methodist maid, have passed permanently into literature, and their places are as secure as those of Partridge and Parson Adams, of Corporal Trim and 'my Uncle Toby.' Not even the Malapropism of Sheridan or Dickens is quite as riotously diverting, as rich in its unexpected turns, as that of Tabitha Bramble and Winifred Jenkins, especially Winifred, who remains delightful even when deduction is made of the poor and very mechanical fun extracted from the parody of her pietistic phraseology. That it could ever have been considered witty to spell 'grace' 'grease,' and 'Bible' 'bye-bill,' can only be explained by the unreasoning hostility of the earlier opponents of Enthusiasm. Upon this, as well as upon a particularly offensive taint of coarseness which, to the honour of the author's contemporaries, was fully recognised in his own day as malodorous, it is needless now to dwell. But there is an aspect of *Humphry Clinker* which has been somewhat neglected—namely, its topographical side; and from the fact that Smollett, in the initial pages, describes it as 'Letters upon Travels,' it is clear that he himself admitted this characteristic of his work. When he wrote it at Leghorn in 1770, he was using his gamut of personages mainly to revive, from different points of view, the impressions he had received in his last visits to Bath, to London, and to certain towns in his native North. We are told by Chambers that his pictures of life at these places were all accepted by his relations as actual and personal records, and though some of the first reviews condemned him for wasting time on descriptions of what every one then knew, we are

not likely to insist upon that criticism now, when nearly a century and a quarter of change has lent to those descriptions all the charm—the fatal charm—of the remote and the half-forgotten. For this reason we propose to run rapidly through *Humphry Clinker*, selecting for reproduction chiefly such passages as deal with actual localities. The reader will only require to be reminded that the persons of the drama are the Welsh squire, Matthew Bramble (a *bourru bienfaisant* who has many characteristics of the author himself); Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, his sister (an old maid); his niece and nephew, Lydia and Jerry Melford; and the two servants, Humphry Clinker and Winifred Jenkins.

When we first make acquaintance with the little party they have arrived from Gloucester at Clifton, whence they repair to the Hot Well at Bristol. Their different ways of regarding things are already accentuated. Mr. Bramble pooh-poohs the ‘nymph of Bristol spring’ as purveying nothing but ‘a little salt and calcareous earth,’ while on the boasted Clifton Downs he discovers only the demon of vapours and perpetual drizzle. To his niece Liddy, on the contrary, everything looks *couleur de rose*. The Downs, with the furze in full blossom (it was late April), are delightful; the waters are most agreeable (‘so pure, so mild, so charmingly mawkish!’), and the ships and boats going up and down the Avon under the windows of the Pump-room make ‘an enchanting variety of moving pictures.’ But the spring season is beginning at Bath, and they migrate to that place, taking a first floor in the South Parade, so as to be near the waters and out of the rumble of carriages. The lodgings, however, are themselves noisy, besides being close to the noisy bells of the Abbey Church, which ring for all new comers (who pay the fee of half a guinea). Mr. Bramble has no sooner settled down than they begin to peal in honour ‘of Mr. Bullock, an eminent cow-keeper of Tottenham, who has just arrived at Bath, to drink the waters for indigestion.’ These, with other annoyances, lead them to quit the Parade precipitately for Milsom Street (‘Milsham Street,’ Mr. Bramble calls it), which then had not long been built. Here at five guineas a week they get a small house. For Miss Melford, Bath is even more fascinating than Bristol. The bells, the waits, the cotillions, the balls and concerts in the Pump-room, are all equally entrancing to the fresh schoolgirl nature but recently emancipated from Mrs. Jermyn’s Academy at Gloucester. They are no sooner settled in their lodgings than the party is visited by the Master of the Ceremonies—‘a pretty little gentleman, so sweet, so fine,

so civil and polite that in our country [Miss Melford's] he might pass for the Prince of Wales.' 'He talks so charmingly, both in verse and prose, that you would be delighted to hear him discourse, for you must know he is a great writer, and has five tragedies ready for the stage.' This personage, whose name is afterwards given, was Beau Nash's successor, Samuel Derrick, only one of whose dramatic efforts—a translation from the French of Frederick of Prussia—appears, by the *Biographia Dramatica*, to have attained the honours of print. Derrick, as might be expected, does himself the pleasure of dining with Mr. Bramble, and next day escorts the ladies round the Circus, the Square, the Parades, and the 'new buildings,' the last, no doubt, including the Royal Crescent of the younger Wood, then in course of construction.

In the letter which gives these particulars Miss Liddy proceeds to describe a Bath day as it appeared to the Young Person of the period. 'At eight in the morning,' says she, 'we go, in deshabelle, to the Pump-room, which is crowded like a Welsh fair; and there you see the highest quality and the lowest tradesfolks, jostling each other, without ceremony, hail, fellow! well met! . . . Right under the Pump-room windows is the King's Bath; a huge cistern, where you see the patients up to their necks in hot water. The ladies wear jackets and petticoats of brown linen, with chip hats, in which they fix their handkerchiefs to wipe the sweat from their faces; but, truly, whether it is owing to the steam that surrounds them, or the heat of the water, or the nature of the dress, or to all these causes together, they look so flushed, and so frightful, that I always turn my eyes another way.' [Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, notwithstanding the advantage of a special cap with cherry-coloured ribbons, must certainly have looked peculiar.] . . . 'For my part,' continues Miss Liddy, 'I content myself with drinking about half a pint of water every morning.'

After the Pump-room comes the ladies' coffee-house, from the politics, scandal, and philosophy of which Miss Melford is prudently excluded by her watchful aunt; then the booksellers' shops, with their circulating library (that 'evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge,' as Sir Anthony Absolute has it); after these, the milliners and toy-men, where are purchased the famous Bath rings of hair, as essentially Bath commodities as Bath buns, Bath brick, Bath chaps, or Bath coating; and lastly, the noted pastrycook, Mr. Gill, to whom Anstey devotes an entire hymn:—



These are your true poetic Fires  
 That drest the sav'ry Grill,  
 E'en while I eat the muse inspires  
 And tunes my voice to Gill.

Across the water, opposite the Grove, there is the Spring Garden, with its Long Room for breakfasting and dancing, and there is, moreover, the newly licensed theatre. But the chief attraction is the public assembly-houses for tea and cards and promenades, where twice a week the gentlemen give a ball, the jumbled respectabilities of which, and of other Bath entertainments, afford infinite amusement to Miss Melford's brother. 'I was extremely diverted,' he says, 'last ball night to see the Master of the Ceremonies leading with great solemnity, to the upper end of the room, an antiquated Abigail, drest in her lady's cast clothes, whom he, I suppose, mistook for some countess just arrived at the Bath. The ball was opened by a Scotch lord, with a mulatto heiress, from St. Christopher's; and the gay Colonel Tinsel danced all the evening with the daughter of an eminent tinman from the borough of Southwark.' 'Yesterday morning, at the Pump-room,' he goes on, 'I saw a broken-winded Wapping landlady squeeze through a circle of peers, to salute her brandy-merchant, who stood by the window, propped upon crutches; and a paralytic attorney of Shoe Lane, in shuffling up to the bar, kicked the shins of the Chancellor of England, while his lordship, in a cut bob, drank a glass of water at the pump.'

Surveying these things with the distorted vision of an invalid, that *laudator temporis acti*, Mr. Bramble finds matter to raise his spleen rather than his mirth. The Bath he had known thirty years before was wholly different from this 'centre of racket and dissipation.' He has the gravest doubts of the curative properties of the waters, either for washing or drinking. He blasphemes the 'boasted improvements of architecture;' ridicules the poor approaches of the Circus; condemns the Crescent by anticipation; scoffs at the hackney chairs which stand soaking in the open street to the detriment of invalids, and, in fine, delivers himself of a general jeremiad over the muddle of buildings and the nondescript mob that crowds them. Only one person is exempted from his dissatisfaction, and that is the well-known *bon-vivant* and Bath frequenter James Quin, who turns out to be an old friend. Mr. Bramble and the retired actor thoroughly agree in their criticism of life, which, according to Quin, would 'stink in his nostrils, if he did not steep it in claret.' As he is

represented leaving his club at 'The Three Tuns,' a famous old coaching-house in Stall Street, with 'six good bottles under his belt,' it may be assumed that he religiously practises this precaution against misanthropy. In the pages of Smollett, Quin, whom he probably knew, is pictured more amiably than elsewhere, being, indeed, described as 'one of the best bred men in the kingdom.' When he dines with Mr. Bramble he is regaled with his (and Fielding's) favourite John Dory, which, however, to his inconsolable chagrin, is 'cruelly mangled, and served without sauce.' It is better to be the guest of an epicure than to invite him to dinner.

From Bath, on May 20, Mr. Bramble starts in a hired coach and four for London; and it may be noted that the orthodox costume of a smart postillion was 'a narrow-brimmed hat, with gold cording, a cut bob, a decent blue jacket, leather breeches, and a clean linen shirt, puffed above the waistband.' On the edge of Marlborough Downs the coach is upset, but by the 24th they were safely housed in Mrs. Norton's lodgings at Golden Square. The first thing that strikes Mr. Bramble is the enormous extension of London. 'What I left open fields,' he says, 'producing hay and corn, I now find covered with streets and squares, and palaces and churches. I am credibly informed, that in the space of seven years, eleven thousand new houses have been built in one quarter of Westminster, exclusive of what is daily added to other parts of this unwieldy metropolis. Pimlico and Knightsbridge are almost joined to Chelsea and Kensington; and if this infatuation continues for half a century, I suppose the whole county of Middlesex will be covered with brick.' He is pleased, however, with the new streets (they were then building Portman Square), and he is almost warm in his praises of the bridge at Blackfriars, which had recently been opened as a bridle-way. But he soon lapses into a digression on the subject so dear to Goldsmith, Johnson, and others of his contemporaries—the alleged depopulation of the villages, and the abnormal growth of the capital, which swells it like a dropsical head at the expense of the body and extremities.

'There are many causes [he says in a graphic paragraph] that contribute to the daily increase of this enormous mass; but they may be all resolved into the grand source of luxury and corruption. About five-and-twenty years ago, very few even of the most opulent citizens in London kept any equipage, or even any servants in livery. Their tables produced nothing but plain

boiled and roasted, with a bottle of port and a tankard of beer. At present, every trader in any degree of credit, every broker and attorney, maintains a couple of footmen, a coachman, and postilion. He has his town-house, and his country-house, his coach, and his post-chaise. His wife and daughters appear in the richest stuffs, bespangled with diamonds. They frequent the court, the opera, the theatre, and the masquerade. They hold assemblies at their own houses; they make sumptuous entertainments, and treat with the richest wines of Bordeaux, Burgundy, and Champagne. The substantial tradesman, who was wont to pass his evenings at the alehouse for fourpence halfpenny, now spends three shillings at the tavern, while his wife keeps card-tables at home; she must also have fine clothes, her chaise, or pad, with country lodgings, and go three times a week to public diversions. Every clerk, apprentice, and even waiter of a tavern or coffee-house, maintains a gelding by himself, or in partnership, and assumes the air and apparel of a *petit-maitre*. The gayest places of public entertainment are filled with fashionable figures, which, upon enquiry, will be found to be journeymen tailors, serving-men, and Abigails, disguised like their betters.'

Making some allowance for the splenetic attitude of the writer, it would not be difficult, with a moderate expenditure of footnotes, to confirm this picture from contemporary playwrights and essayists. But it is less easy in our days of steam and telegraphy to realise another thing which strikes Mr. Bramble, and that is the headlong speed at which everything is done. 'The hackney coachmen make their horses smoke, and the pavement shakes under them;' and he goes on to say that he has actually seen a waggon pass through Piccadilly at a hand-gallop. Qualities as intolerable to the peace-lover attach in his opinion to the amusements, where 'noise, confusion, glare and glitter, take the place of elegance and propriety.' Mr. Bramble's description of Ranelagh has often been quoted; but that of Vauxhall, which is coloured, or rather discoloured, by the fact that he was caught in a shower and had to take refuge in the Rotunda, is less familiar:—'Vauxhall is a composition of baubles, overcharged with paltry ornaments, ill-conceived, and poorly executed, without any unity of design, or propriety of disposition. It is an unnatural assemblage of objects, fantastically illuminated in broken masses, seemingly contrived to dazzle the eyes and divert the imagination of the vulgar. Here a wooden lion, there a stone statue; in one place a range of things like coffee-house boxes covered at top; in another, a parcel

of alehouse benches; in a third, a puppet-show representation of a tin cascade [this, it is to be feared, must have been the famous Waterworks!]; in a fourth, a gloomy cave of a circular form, like a sepulchral vault, half-lighted; in a fifth, a scanty slip of grass plot, that would not afford pasture sufficient for an ass's colt. The walks, which nature seems to have intended for solitude, shade and silence, are filled with crowds of noisy people, sucking up the nocturnal rheums of an aguish climate; and through these gay scenes a few lamps glimmer like so many farthing candles.'

Although the atmosphere of the metropolis has considerably altered for the worse, it is probable that, even *circa* 1765, the last strictures as to its dangers at night-time, which are cynically developed in a further paragraph, were not ill-founded. For the rest, the modern admirers of old Vauxhall may console themselves by reflecting that the writer was none other than that 'learned Smelfungus' who had reviled the Venus de' Medici, and who declared the Pantheon (of Rome, not of London) to be nothing better than a 'huge cockpit.' Upon the present occasion Mr. Bramble confines his comments to the two great gardens. But from a letter of his niece some of the party must also have visited the Assembly Rooms, in Soho Square (Carlisle House), of the celebrated Mrs. Teresa Cornelys, who having not yet started the masquerades which inaugurated her ultimate collapse in the Fleet Prison, was still at the height of her popularity with persons of quality. Of other shows and amusements there are hints in the despatches of the remaining travellers. Mrs. Jenkins is escorted by Mr. Clinker to the rope-dancing at Sadler's Wells, where there is 'such a firing of pistols in the air, and blowing of trumpets, and swinging, and rolling of wheelbarrows upon wires no thicker than a sewing thread,' that she is like to have been frightened into a fit. Then she goes with her mistress to see the wild beasts in the Tower, where the lion conducts himself in a manner which is highly derogatory to the unblemished reputation of Mrs. Tabitha Bramble. Finally (in Win's own words and spelling), they see 'the Park, and the Paleass of St. Gimses, and the King's and the Queen's magitterial pursing, and the sweet young princes, and the hillyfents, and the pye-bald ass, and all the rest of the royal family.' The 'piebald ass,' it should be explained, was a beautiful female zebra which had been presented to Queen Charlotte, and usually grazed in a paddock in St. James's Park, close to old Buckingham House. There is a picture of it in the *London Magazine* for July, 1762. It was an object of much

public curiosity, as well as the pretext for some exceedingly scurrilous lampoons.

From one of Mr. Bramble's later letters he must have inspected the British Museum. At this date it was little more than an aggregation in Montague House of the Sloane, Cottonian, and Harleian collections, accessible only to small parties under vexatious restrictions, and limited, in respect of its library, to some 40,000 volumes. These—about a fortieth part of the present number—were apparently uncatalogued, for Mr. Bramble makes sundry sage remarks upon this subject which lead one to think that even he would have been satisfied with the present excellent arrangements for inquirers. Of other institutions he says nothing. His horror of crowds prevented him from visiting the little theatre in the Haymarket, or we might have had his opinion of that popular mime Mr. Samuel Foote. Towards the beginning of June we find him negotiating 'for a good travelling coach and four, at a guinea a day, for three months certain,' to start on the northward journey. The party leave Golden Square on the 15th, and on the 23rd, after much jolting on the bad roads between Newark and Wetherby, they reach Harrogate. Here is Jerry Melford's description of that fashionable watering-place as it appeared in 1766 :—

'Harrogate water, so celebrated for its efficacy in the scurvy and other distempers, is supplied from a copious spring, in the hollow of a wild common, round which a good many houses have been built for the convenience of the drinkers, though few of them are inhabited. Most of the company lodge at some distance, in five separate inns, situated in different parts of the common, from whence they go every morning to the well, in their own carriages. The lodgers of each inn form a distinct society that eat together; and there is a commodious public room, where they breakfast in *deshabille*, at separate tables, from eight o'clock till eleven, as they chance or choose to come in. Here also they drink tea in the afternoon, and play at cards or dance in the evening. One custom, however, prevails, which I look upon as a solecism in politeness. The ladies treat with tea in their turns, and even girls of sixteen are not exempted from this shameful imposition. There is a public ball by subscription every night at one of the houses, to which all the company from the others are admitted by tickets; and, indeed, Harrogate treads upon the heels of Bath, in the articles of gaiety and dissipation—with this difference, however, that here we are more sociable and familiar. One of the inns is

already full up to the very garrets, having no less than fifty lodgers, and as many servants. Our family does not exceed thirty-six, and I should be sorry to see the number augmented, as our accommodations won't admit of much increase.'

Mr. Bramble's verdict does not differ greatly from this; although he highly disapproves the Harrogate water, which some people say 'smells of rotten eggs,' and which others liken to 'the scourings of a foul gun.' He himself defines it as bilge-water pure and simple. After an attempt to apply it externally in the form of a hot bath, he becomes so ill that he is obliged to start, *viâ* York, to Scarborough, in order to brace his exhausted fibres by sea-bathing. York Minster gives him opportunity for a discourse upon the comfortless and ill-ventilated condition of places of worship in general; and he leaves Scarborough (the then new-fashioned bathing-machines of which are described with some minuteness by Jerry Melford) in consequence of an unfortunate mistake made by Humphry, who, seeing his master dipping, imagines him to be drowning, and thereupon rescues him with more vigour than dexterity. The travellers then proceed by Whitby and Stockton to Durham, where they first meet the redoubtable Lieutenant Lismahago. Mr. Bramble's account of the city of Durham as 'a confused heap of stones and brick accumulated so as to cover a mountain, round which a river winds its brawling course,' is, like his astounding comparison of York Minster and its spire to a criminal impaled, entirely in the 'Smelfungus' manner. From Durham, through Newcastle, Morpeth, and Alnwick, they go northward to Berwick. Beyond the fact that at Newcastle Mrs. Tabitha and her maid, with Humphry, attend Wesley's meeting (doubtless at the famous Orphan House he had founded in 1742), and that poor Win is subsequently decoyed by Jerry's valet into accompanying him to the play, in rouge, 'with her hair dressed in the Parish fashion'—an exhibition which leads to her being mobbed by the colliers as a 'painted Issabel'—nothing of interest is recorded. But Mr. Bramble's heart shows signs of softening as he nears Smollett's native land; and already he notices with complacency that the Scotch side of the Tweed is far more populous and far better cultivated than the English border.

Passing forward by Dunbar and Haddington they arrive at Musselburgh, where, in a house which was still standing in the days of Paterson's history of the place, Smollett (or rather Mr. Bramble) drinks tea with an old friend, Commissioner Cardonnell. Then, along the smooth sand of the shore, they get to Edinburgh,



where, after brief experience of one of its three miserable inns, they find lodgings 'with a widow gentlewoman, of the name of Lockhart,' up four pair of stairs in the many-storied High Street. Mr. Bramble's impressions of the High Street and the Canongate, at this time disfigured by the straggling Luckenbooths which were removed in 1817, are not especially notable; but from his account of the water-supply of eighteenth-century Edinburgh, and of its sanitary arrangements in general, it would appear that its nickname of 'Auld Reekie' was not undeserved:—

'The water is brought in leaden pipes from a mountain in the neighbourhood, to a cistern on the Castle Hill, from whence it is distributed to public conduits in different parts of the city. From these it is carried in barrels, on the backs of male and female porters, up two, three, four, five, six, seven, and eight pair of stairs, for the use of particular families. Every story is a complete house, occupied by a separate family; and the stair being common to them all, is generally left in a very filthy condition. Nothing can form a stronger contrast than the difference betwixt the outside and inside of the door; for the good women of this metropolis are remarkably nice in the ornaments and propriety of their apartments, as if they were resolved to transfer the imputation from the individual to the public. You are no stranger to their method of discharging all their impurities from their windows, at a certain hour of the night, as the custom is in Spain, Portugal, and some parts of France and Italy, a practice to which I can by no means be reconciled; for notwithstanding all the care that is taken by their scavengers to remove this nuisance every morning by break of day, enough still remains to offend the eyes, as well as the other organs of those whom use has not hardened against all delicacy of sensation.'

The valetudinarian who had fainted in the bad air of the Bath Pump-room may perhaps be regarded as abnormally sensitive, although his report is very circumstantially confirmed by Winifred Jenkins. But even two years after *Humphry Clinker* had been published, this evil remained unmitigated, for Mr. James Boswell, conducting Dr. Samuel Johnson up the High Street on a dusky night, confessed himself unable to prevent his illustrious friend from being assailed by the evening effluvia of Edinburgh. 'Sir, I smell you in the dark'—grumbled the Great Man in his companion's ear; and his companion admits ruefully that 'a zealous Scotchman would have wished Mr. Johnson to be without one of his five senses upon this occasion.' Nevertheless, the Doctor (while hold-



ing his nose) commended the breadth of the thoroughfare and the imposing height of the houses.

In that 'hotbed of genius,' the Scottish capital, Mr. Bramble's party were so 'caressed and feasted' that, although their degenerate southern stomachs refused to receive such national dainties as 'singed sheep's head' and 'haggis,' the record takes an unusually rosy note. They go to the amateur concerts in St. Cecilia's Hall in the Cowgate; they go to the Hunters' Ball at Holyrood, one of the belles of which was Smollett's connection, Miss Eleonora Renton; they attend the Leith races, where they find far better company than at Doncaster or Newmarket; and they inspect, on the Leith Links, the devotees of that game of golf, of which the fascination, like hope, seems to spring eternal in the human breast. 'I was shown one particular set of golfers,' says Jerry Melford, 'the youngest of whom was turned of fourscore. They were all gentlemen of independent fortunes, who had amused themselves with this pastime for the best part of a century, without having ever felt the least alarm from sickness or disgust; and they never went to bed without having each the best part of a gallon of claret in his belly.' Mr. Melford also gives an account, too long to be quoted, of a very singular entertainment—to wit, a *cadies'*, or *cawdies'* (errand porters'), dinner and ball, which, as related, suggests the *Jolly Beggars* of Burns, and that curious festival which Steele had given in the same city some forty years before.

From Edinburgh—part of their latter stay at which was diversified by a trip in a fishing-boat across the Firth to Fife, where they visit among other things that 'skeleton of a venerable city,' St. Andrews 'by the northern sea,' a considerable amount of which element they ship in making Leith Pier on their return—they set out in August for Loch Lomond, taking Stirling and Glasgow on the way. For Glasgow (which, no doubt, had wonderfully improved since the days of the author's apprenticeship there in 1738), Mr. Bramble, whom the hospitalities of Edinburgh seem to have transformed into an optimist, expresses great admiration. Edinburgh had been well enough, but Glasgow is the 'pride of Scotland,' 'one of the most flourishing towns in Great Britain,' 'one of the prettiest towns in Europe,' and so forth. Thence they travel along the Clyde to Dumbarton, cross Leven Water, and so reach Mr. Commissioner Smollett's oak-bosomed house of Cameron at the south-western extremity of the loch. If Mr. Bramble has hitherto been laudatory, over 'the Arcadia of Scotland' he is enthusiastic—certainly more enthusiastic than

either Johnson or Wordsworth in similar circumstances. But Wordsworth was mentally comparing Dumbartonshire with his beloved Westmoreland; and Johnson was not, like Smollett, writing of his natal neighbourhood.

'I have seen,' says the last-named, 'the Lago di Garda, Albano, De Vico, Bolsena, and Geneva, and, upon my honour, I prefer Loch Lomond to them all; a preference which is certainly owing to the verdant islands that seem to float upon its surface, affording the most enchanting objects of repose to the excursive view. . . . Nor are the banks destitute of beauties, which even partake of the sublime. On this side they display a sweet variety of woodland, cornfield and pasture, with several agreeable villas emerging as it were out of the lake, till, at some distance, the prospect terminates in huge mountains covered with heath, which being in the bloom, affords a very rich covering of purple. Everything here is romantic beyond imagination. . . . What say you to a natural basin of pure water, near thirty miles long, and in some places seven miles broad, and in many above a hundred fathoms deep, having four-and-twenty habitable islands, some of them stocked with deer, and all of them covered with wood; containing immense quantities of delicious fish, salmon, pike, trout, perch, flounders, eels, and powans, the last a delicate kind of fresh-water herring, peculiar to this lake; and, finally, communicating with the sea, by sending off the Leven, through which all those species (except the powan) make their exit and entrance occasionally.'

After this may come the less critical additions of Winifred Jenkins, who describes 'Loff Loming' as a 'wonderful sea of fresh water, with a power of hylands in the midst on't. They say as how it has got ne'er a bottom, and was made by a musician; and truly I believe it; for it is not in the course of nature. It has got *waves without wind, fish without fins, and a floating hyland*; and one of them is a crutchyard, where the dead are buried; and always before the person dies, a bell rings of itself to give warning.'

But it is time to abridge the account of Mr. Bramble's wanderings. Before his return southward he makes an excursion with his nephew into Western Argyllshire and the islands of Isla, Jura, Mull, and Icolmkill, 'tarrying at various castles of the West Highland sub-chieftains and gentry.' On the way south the party go out of their road to Drumlanrig, the seat of the Duke of Queensberry, and are hospitably entreated by his Duchess, 'Prior's Kitty.' They visit Manchester, Chatsworth, the Peak, and Buxton; and so, by easy stages, return in the month of October

to Wales and Brambleton House. The invention of the book never flags, but the latter pages are necessarily much occupied in clearing the ground for the marriages which bring it to a close.

Smollett scarcely takes rank as a poet, in spite of the *Tears of Caledonia* or 'The storm that howls along the sky' in the *Ode to Independence*. But towards the end of *Humphry Clinker* he inserted one of the most pleasing specimens of his occasional verses, the lines to Leven Water, on the very banks of which—in *ipsis Levinæ ripis*—fifty-one years before, he had been born. At Renton, beside the Leven—now, alas! no longer famed for its 'transparent wave'—rises the stately Tuscan column which Smollett of Bonhill erected to the memory of his gifted but combative cousin, who, like Fielding, found a last resting-place under alien skies. The long Latin inscription on this monument—the joint production of George Stewart and Ramsay of Ochtertyre—had the honour of being revised by Johnson, who, we are told, ridiculed the suggestion of Lord Kames that English was preferable. 'It would be a disgrace to Dr. Smollett,' he said, using much the same argument as he employed two years later with regard to the epitaph of Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey; and Boswell, the compliant, followed suit by adding that Smollett's admirers would probably be equal to Latin, and that the inscription was not intended to be understood by Highland drovers. A passage in the memoir of Thomas Bewick, the engraver, supplies an odd footnote to Boswell. Making his way, in 1776, up the Leven from Dumbarton to Loch Lomond, Bewick paused to puzzle out the words on the pedestal, as Smollett was an author whom he 'almost adored.' But he must have gone on his way unenlightened had it not been for the opportune scholarship of a passing Highlander.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

## *At the Sign of the Ship.*

OURS is an age, some one says, which has made Vice respectable and Science popular. For Science I have too much respect to believe in Popular Science. An example of this kind of wisdom is afforded by Mr. Ernest Hart in parts of his 'Hypnotism, Mesmerism, and the New Witchcraft.'<sup>1</sup> The book comes into my unscientific hands as those of a student of Folk Lore, in which the Old Witchcraft is a considerable element. Against Mr. Hart's science, as science, I have, naturally, nothing to say, except this, that some of it is Popular. His first essay was originally delivered as a Lecture at Toynbee Hall. Therefore it must have the essential defects of Popular Science. The style—I appeal to any man of letters who merely reads the first page—is not promising. We are told that the poet and some other people 'share its higher privileges,' it 'being the infirmity of great minds as of small.' And the 'infirmity' (as far as I can construe Mr. Hart's English) is that 'the unknown has always had a great attraction for every class of mind,' and that whoever promises to give us 'a glimpse of the unknown world may always count upon a large following.' Where, in all this, is 'infirmity'? Columbus, Darwin, Newton, gave us glimpses of many matters before unknown; to win a province of the unknown for the known is the object of Science.

The field of the unknown about which Mr. Hart is here concerned is the psychologically unknown. A number of things come under this head, for example, healing by touch, 'thought-transference,' 'telepathy,' or the perception of some distant circumstance by other than the normal senses. The judicial punishment of witches arose from a theory about some alleged phenomena in the unknown region. Concerning some of these obscure matters, such as 'clairvoyance,' 'prediction of future events' ('future' is a little tautological), 'development of new powers

<sup>1</sup> Smith, Elder & Co.

often attributed to somnambulists and hypnotics,' Mr. Hart announces that all is 'imposture.' All has often been exposed; the tales revive because they are 'attractive to mystics and so-called psychological researchers.'

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These are very brave words, but Mr. Hart himself is a 'psychological researcher.' He has made researches into these things, or how does he know that they are impostures? He has cleared up a province of the psychologically 'unknown.' He tells a Toynbee Hall audience, at very considerable and interesting length, how he is no bad warlock himself. He cured a young lady's cough by making her look at a candle, 'which I assured her' (falsely, as it seems) 'that I had previously mesmerised. She fell asleep at dinner, and averred that Mr. Hart was mesmerising her. She fell asleep when he merely passed her railway carriage window. Now, if Mr. Hart had done all this, at any time between 1570 and 1710 (roughly speaking), he might have been burned for it, especially if the young lady dreamed odd things about him in her sleep. Still more probably would he have been burned for making a person believe that he was drinking wine when he was drinking water, and so forth. All these feats are to me, for example, part of the 'unknown.' I never saw any of them performed. The majority of educated mankind, quite recently, thought all these pretensions mere impostures. I must believe Mr. Hart, as he says that all this is true; but, if I am to believe Mr. Hart's tales of his own magic, why am I to disbelieve the accounts given by Mr. Crookes and Dr. Huggins of experiments with Mr. Home? These experiments demonstrated (unless Mr. Crookes fabled) new powers in Mr. Home, or, at least, powers never previously tested by scientific apparatus. Mr. Hart can do things which I cannot do, and never saw done. I accept this on Mr. Hart's word; and Mr. Crookes says that Mr. Home could do things which Mr. Hart cannot do. Taking 'telepathy' and a host of other odd phenomena in a lump, Mr. Hart declares that 'they are as old as, nay, apparently, older than history.' Precisely; that is just why they are so interesting. When Australian savages, Greek philosophers, Spanish travellers, biographers of saints, Fellows of the Royal Society, between 1667 and 1893, juries in trials for witchcraft, all tell us the very same tale, and when honourable gentlemen, our contemporaries, assure us that they have viewed and tested exactly the same phenomena as these

earlier witnesses vouch for, my mind may be (and is) in a state of balance, not in a state of conviction. But I am not to be assured that all these witnesses, in all these ages, were imposed on, merely because Mr. Hart says thrice, 'imposture! imposture! imposture!' The young lady of the candle may have been playing a joke on Mr. Hart. Many such jokes have been played; many people even now probably believe that she imposed on her hypnotic benefactor. Mr. Hart thinks not; and so a multitude of men, not worse educated, not, as far as we can tell, more 'silly,' than Mr. Hart, believe in things which he calls impostures. His opinion is not final.

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Mr. Hart classes 'psychical researchers' with 'living magnets,' 'Mahatmas,' 'spiritists,' 'stage-hypnotists,' and 'ghost-seers.' Can Mr. Hart possibly understand what he is talking about? He himself, I repeat, is a 'psychical researcher,' if *not*—if he has not made researches into 'psychical' matters, why, then he is pronouncing judgment on subjects which he has not investigated. He writes: 'It may be doubted whether, under a system of rigid control tests, such a society as the Society for Psychical Research could find material sufficiently diverting to the many to enable it to continue to exist.' How 'many' does Mr. Hart suppose the members to be? Is he not aware that the Society has used 'control tests' so powerful that, as a general rule, miracles cease and mediums are exploded where they are applied. The Society has discredited several successful 'mediums:' Mr. Eglinton, Madame Blavatsky, Dr. Slade (I think), and many others have not fared well with the Society. Perhaps these persons were not impostors; if so, they were unlucky. Merely to read the papers on 'spirit photographs' published by the Society, is to feel that the Society is far from being good-natured and pleasantly credulous. The demonstration that 'spirit-writing' on slates can be done undetected, by common conjuring, is a gift of the Society to common sense. In fact, literature more disenchanting to the fanciful mind than many of the Society's papers, more disenchanting to a person with a literary taste for the marvellous, one has never read. The ghost stories, of course, you cannot submit to 'control tests.' You can only state the nature in each case of the evidence for experiences (purely subjective, if you like), which are 'as old as history.' Dr. Johnson's opinion here seems to me as valuable as Mr. Hart's. Grant that all ghosts are

illusions ('hallucinations' the Society call them), and the examination of an illusion uniform in every age, clime, and race, has still a scientific as well as a literary interest. If Mr. Hart thinks that there are no 'psychical researchers' who use 'control tests,' and find that these tests commonly destroy or discredit miraculous pretensions, one can only regret that he has not studied the topic on which he pronounces an opinion. A medium who wrought marvels for Mr. Crookes could do little, or nothing, for Mrs. Sidgwick and her companions (members of the Society), not 'because of their unbelief,' but, as it seems, because of their tests. This is only one instance out of dozens. As far as I have read their writings, the researchers of the Society have not found one single professional medium whom they can trust. This is disenchanting, but this is not an exhibition of credulity. I do not belong to the Society. I hold no brief for it. There may be credulous and illogical members on its roll, but other members are assuredly addicted to the use of most stringent tests.

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If Mr. Hart does not know this, or, knowing, ignores it, his science is indeed Popular Science. To tell a popular audience that this or the other opinion has been 'refuted,' this or that phenomenon exposed as an imposture, is the method, in theology, of the popular preacher, or in mythology, of the popular lecturer. Where was the refutation done? Where, when, in what circumstances, by whom, was the imposture detected? A student needs references, and evidence which he can test for himself. An assertion in the air is merely popular. Mr. Hart himself has been exposing Dr. Luys, in Paris, whose patients, on Mr. Hart's showing, were fraudulent young women. Very good, but that does not exactly prove that all such patients have been fraudulent. There are such things as diamonds, though paste exists; there are genuine cheques, though some are forged; there are good men, though Tartuffes are very common. Thus it is necessary for every student of any subject to examine evidence for himself: he cannot be satisfied by a mere dictum of any one.

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The conclusions suggested to a folk-lorist by Mr. Hart's psychical researches are these: (1) Many of the phenomena reported in trials for witchcraft may be accounted for by such powers as Mr. Hart exercised, or persuaded his patient to exercise



on herself, when he cured her cough by making her stare at the candle. There is no 'animal magnetism' here, no 'magnetic fluid,' no 'mesmerism.' Mr. Hart says that any one can do the trick. 'There is no such thing as a potent mesmeric influence, no such power resident in any one person more than another. . . . A clever hypnotiser means only a person who is acquainted with the physical or mental tricks by which the hypnotic condition is produced.' This opinion is not, perhaps, universally held by sane and scientific observers, but it suffices for the humble purpose of Folk Lore so far. The witch, in certain cases, may have been a person who was 'acquainted with the physical or mental tricks' (are they physical, or are they mental?) 'by which the hypnotic condition is produced.' This explanation covers a great deal of the ground of witchcraft. But I think that the robust common sense of our grandfathers would have rejected this 'hypnotic condition' itself, as 'imposture.' Compare a letter written to Lady Louisa Stuart by Scott, when engaged on his 'Demonology' (Lockhart, ix. 370). Scott is speaking, to be sure, of 'animal magnetism,' which Mr. Hart rejects. But the self-styled 'magnetists,' I take it, were really producing the 'hypnotic state,' though their explanation of it, their theory, was wrong, according to Mr. Hart. Sir Walter, as I understand him, would have included 'the hypnotic state' in 'superstitious nonsense.' This considerable waste in the unknown was stubbed and reclaimed by Mr. Braid, and has been cultivated by Mr. Hart. The Medical Committee of the London Hospital, in which Mr. Hart was trained, treated his report of one experiment with incredulity (p. 6). He himself is now incredulous about other reports from the unknown. It does not follow that he is more justly sceptical than his early censors.

(2) Mr. Hart's observations on hysteria explain another considerable element in the accounts of trials for witchcraft. The patients, like Mr. Hart's young lady of the candle, were 'self-mesmerised' (the phrase is his own, p. 12), and chose to regard the poor old witch as their 'mesmeriser.'

All these doctrines of Mr. Hart's, if we accept them, cover much of the field of witchcraft. But the field has other provinces. Phenomena which the explanation does not cover are reported with uniformity. Among those phenomena are rappings, physical movements of objects not mechanically moved, clairvoyance, and so forth. All of these Mr. Hart, as I understand him, rejects as 'impostures.' But the evidence for these which he

rejects, is the same as the evidence for what he accepts; nay, is even better evidence. Take the famous Epworth case, the phenomena in the house of the Wesleys, in 1716. Mr. Hart may say that this case has been 'exposed' or 'refuted.' So it has, by Dr. Priestley, by Coleridge, by Dr. Salmon, in the *Fortnightly Review*. But all their exposures are different, each from the other, and none of them covers the well-attested facts. New facts absolutely similar are reported, from Froissart's time to this hour, and literally 'from China to Peru,' reported identically, through 'undesigned coincidence,' by observers of every degree of credit, from Fellows of the Royal Society to witnesses in witchcraft trials, and early Spanish travellers. Without accepting the evidence, I do think that this uniformity of report is a matter for investigation, if merely in the interests of mythology—of 'folk psychology.' To examine this chapter, if it be no more than a chapter in the History of Human Error, is to engage in Psychical Research. I fail to see that a person who engages in this research is necessarily credulous, or a quack, or a fool, as Mr. Hart seems to suppose. One is committed to no opinion, and indeed most of the 'researchers' have probably attained to no opinion about the origin of these world-wide myths, if they are myths. Their universality and uniformity make the mere reports a phenomenon of historical and psychological interest. The older evidence is full of social facts, details about the life of the people, which we find nowhere else in such abundance. A modern historian cannot afford to neglect this evidence. For example, in the account of a miracle connected with a parlour window about 1670, we are told that the window 'had not been opened for many years.' Here is matter for the student of 'sanitation,' but one comes across it in the course of 'psychological research.' To denounce any branch of the study of human nature, to bar access to any field of inquiry, seems to me rather worthy of theological obscurantism than of Science. But to do this is very characteristic of Popular Science.

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I am not one of those who would hurry Mr. Gladstone. But, in the matter of a Poet Laureate, it would be well if Mr. Gladstone could make up his mind speedily. Perhaps he has nothing to do with the matter: it may be the Lord Chamberlain, or the Charity Commissioners, or the Professor of Poetry at Oxford, who appoints the Poet Laureate. Certainly it is not the London County Coun-

cil; that will come later. But whether Mr. Gladstone has this office in his gift, or whether some one else is responsible, I would, in the most modest and constitutional manner, press on the right person the necessity of a prompt decision. In this long *interregnum*, the manhood of the country is being sapped by everlasting Odes. Whatever event happens, every poet having access to newspapers and early information rushes into an Ode.

In the realms of the Princess Frutilla, as Madame d'Aulnoy tells us, odes to that royal lady were so common that bonfires were made of them: bonfires which bleazed beautifully. This multitudinous supply of odes would have ceased on the marriage of her Royal Highness; they were written by pretenders to her hand. In the same way, as long as we have no Laureate, as long as the 'butt of sherry to keep him merry' is maturing in the cellar, poets will certainly go on Pindarising, like Ronsard. At burial, birth, or bridal, they will punctually appear with Dirges, Natal Odes, Epithalamia. When a Laureate is appointed, or when we are firmly told that there is to be no Laureate, the authors of odes will cease firing!

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#### BILLY'S ROMANCE.

THERE were half a dozen men  
In the glen;  
They had foreign beards and cloaks,  
Spanish folks.

And my breast was filled with awe,  
When I saw  
That they carried, every one,  
Sword and gun.

Sword and gun and pistol too,  
Knife in shoe,  
And a feather in the hat—  
Think of that.

As the sun began to sink,  
And to blink  
Through the trees upon the ridge,  
Past the bridge,

An alarming sound arose,  
    As of blows,  
And I saw in the weird light  
    'Twas a fight.

There were three with a red feather  
    Fought together,  
While upon the other side  
    Strove and cried

Three with drooping yellow plumes,  
    Like the blooms  
Of the fair laburnum tree,  
    Which you see,

In the month of May or so,  
    Hanging low ;  
And because both sides were strong,  
    They fought long.

And the noise of clashing steel  
    Made me feel  
I would run away for good,  
    If I could.

But my legs refused to go,  
    And you know,  
When you cannot get away,  
    You must stay.

When at last the fight was done,  
    The low sun  
Showed the three with feathers red,  
    Lying dead.

While the yellow-feathered three  
    Wearily  
On their dripping weapons lent,  
    Almost spent.

Then they went behind a mound,  
    Where they found  
Three black horses ready tied,  
    Side by side.

*AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP.*

And they climbed upon the backs  
Of their hacks,  
And without the least delay  
Rode away.

Where had I been all the while ?  
On the stile,  
Reading in a very fine  
Book of mine,

Which I got from Uncle Jim  
(Kind of him !)  
When he took us to the sea,  
Tom and me.

And the last of those fierce men  
Left the glen,  
As I raised my eyes to look  
From the book.

And I found that it was late,  
Nearly eight,<sup>1</sup>  
So I ran the whole way down  
To the town.

R. F. MURRAY.

ANDREW LANG.

